NON-FICTION - MAY 2024

Molting Cicada, Japan

THE CICADA: HIS MUSIC

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The Life of the Grasshopper, by J. Henri Fabre

By his own confession, Réaumur never heard the Cicada sing; he never saw the insect alive. It reached him from the country round Avignon preserved in spirits and a goodly supply of sugar. These conditions were enough to enable the anatomist to give an exact description of the organ of sound; nor did the master fail to do so: his penetrating eye clearly discerned the construction of the strange musical-box, so much so that his treatise upon it has become the fountain-head for any one who wants to say a few words about the Cicada’s song.

With him the harvest was gathered; it but remains to glean a few ears which the disciple hopes to make into a sheaf. I have more than enough of what Réaumur lacked: I hear rather more of these deafening symphonists than I could wish; and so I shall perhaps obtain a little fresh light on a subject that seems exhausted. Let us therefore go back to the question of the Cicada’s song, repeating only so much of the data acquired as may be necessary to make my explanation clear.

In my neighbourhood I can capture five species of Cicadæ, namely, Cicada plebeia, Lin.; C. orni, Lin.; C. hematodes, Lin.; C. atra, Oliv.; and C. pygmæa, Oliv. The first two are extremely common; the three others are rarities, almost unknown to the country-folk.

The Common Cicada is the biggest of the five, the most popular and the one whose musical apparatus is usually described. Under the male’s chest, immediately behind the hind-legs, are two large semicircular plates, overlapping each other slightly, the right plate being on the top of the left. These are the shutters, the lids, the dampers, in short the opercula of the organ of sound. Lift them up. You then see opening, on either side, a roomy cavity, known in Provence by the name of the chapel (li capello). The two together form the church (la glèiso). They are bounded in front by a soft, thin, creamy-yellow membrane; at the back by a dry pellicle, iridescent as a soap-bubble and called the mirror (mirau) in the Provençal tongue.

The church, the mirrors and the lids are commonly regarded as the sound-producing organs. Of a singer short of breath it is said that he has cracked his mirrors (a li mirau creba). Picturesque language says the same thing of an uninspired poet. Acoustics give the lie to the popular belief. You can break the mirrors, remove the lids with a cut of the scissors, tear the yellow front membrane and these mutilations will not do away with the Cicada’s song: they simply modify it, weaken it slightly. The chapels are resonators. They do not produce sound, they increase it by the vibrations of their front and back membranes; they change it as their shutters are opened more or less wide.

The real organ of sound is seated elsewhere and is not easy to find, for a novice. On the other side of each chapel, at the ridge joining the belly to the back, is a slit bounded by horny walls and masked by the lowered lid. Let us call it the window. This opening leads to a cavity or sound-chamber deeper than the adjacent chapel, but much less wide. Immediately behind the attachment of the rear wings is a slight, almost oval protuberance, which is distinguished by its dull-black colour from the silvery down of the surrounding skin. This protuberance is the outer wall of the sound-chamber.

Let us make a large cut in it. We now lay bare the sound-producing apparatus, the cymbal. This is a little dry, white membrane, oval-shaped, convex on the outside, crossed from end to end of its longer diameter by a bundle of three or four brown nervures, which give it elasticity, and fixed all round in a stiff frame. Imagine this bulging scale to be pulled out of shape from within, flattening slightly and then quickly recovering its original convexity owing to the spring of its nervures. The drawing in and blowing out will produce a clicking sound.

Twenty years ago, all Paris went mad over a silly toy called the Cricket, or Cri-cri, if I remember rightly. It consisted of a short blade of steel, fastened at one end to a metallic base. Alternately pressed out of shape with the thumb and then released, the said blade, though possessing no other merit, gave out a very irritating click; and nothing more was needed to make it popular. The Cricket’s vogue is over. Oblivion has done justice to it so drastically that I doubt if I shall be understood when I recall the once famous apparatus.

The membranous cymbal and steel Cricket are similar instruments. Both are made to rattle by pushing an elastic blade out of shape and restoring it to its original condition. The Cricket was bent out of shape with the thumb. How is the convexity of the cymbals modified? Let us go back to the church and break the yellow curtain that marks the boundary of each chapel in front. Two thick muscular columns come in sight, of a pale orange colour, joined together in the form of a V, with its point standing on the insect’s median line, on the lower surface. Each of these fleshy columns ends abruptly at the top, as though lopped off; and from the truncated stump rises a short, slender cord which is fastened to the side of the corresponding cymbal.

There you have the whole mechanism, which is no less simple than that of the metal Cricket. The two muscular columns contract and relax, shorten and lengthen. By means of the terminal thread each tugs at its cymbal, pulling it down and forthwith letting it spring back of itself. Thus are the two sound-plates made to vibrate.

Would you convince yourself of the efficacy of this mechanism? Would you make a dead but still fresh Cicada sing? Nothing could be simpler. Seize one of the muscular columns with the pincers and jerk it gently. The dead Cri-cri comes to life again; each jerk produces the clash of the cymbal. The sound is very feeble, I admit, deprived of the fulness which the living virtuoso obtains with the aid of his sound-chambers; nevertheless the fundamental element of the song is produced by this anatomical trick.

Would you on the other hand silence a live Cicada, that obstinate melomaniac who, when you hold him prisoner in your fingers, bewails his sad lot as garrulously as, just now, he sang his joys in the tree? It is no use to break open his chapels, to crack his mirrors: the shameful mutilation would not check him. But insert a pin through the side slit which we have called the window and touch the cymbal at the bottom of the sound-chamber. A tiny prick; and the perforated cymbal is silent. A similar operation on the other side renders the insect mute, though it remains as vigorous as before, showing no perceptible wound. Any one unacquainted with the method of procedure stands amazed at the result of my pin-prick, when the utter destruction of the mirrors and the other accessories of the church does not produce silence. A tiny and in no way serious stab has an effect which is not caused even by evisceration.

The lids, those firmly fitted plates, are stationary. It is the abdomen itself which, by rising and falling, causes the church to open and shut. When the abdomen is lowered, the lids cover the chapels exactly, together with the windows of the sound-chambers. The sound is then weakened, muffled, stifled. When the abdomen rises, the chapels open, the windows are unobstructed and the sound acquires its full strength. The rapid oscillations of the belly, therefore, synchronizing with the contractions of the motor-muscles of the cymbals, determine the varying volume of the sound, which seems to come from hurried strokes of a bow.

When the weather is calm and warm, about the middle of the day, the Cicada’s song is divided into strophes of a few seconds’ duration, separated by short pauses. The strophe begins abruptly. In a rapid crescendo, the abdomen oscillating faster and faster, it acquires its maximum volume; it keeps up the same degree of strength for a few seconds and then becomes gradually weaker and degenerates into a tremolo which decreases as the belly relapses into rest. With the last pulsations of the abdomen comes silence, which lasts for a longer or shorter time according to the condition of the atmosphere. Then suddenly we hear a new strophe, a monotonous repetition of the first; and so on indefinitely.

It often happens, especially during the sultry evening hours, that the insect, drunk with sunshine, shortens and even entirely suppresses the pauses. The song is then continuous, but always with alternations of crescendo and decrescendo. The first strokes of the bow are given at about seven or eight o’clock in the morning; and the orchestra ceases only with the dying gleams of the twilight, at about eight o’clock in the evening. Altogether the concert lasts the whole round of the clock. But, if the sky be overcast, if the wind blow cold, the Cicada is dumb.

The second species is only half the size of the Common Cicada and is known in the district by the name of the Cacan, a fairly accurate imitation of his peculiar rattle. This is the Ash Cicada of the naturalists; and he is far more alert and more suspicious than the first. His harsh loud song consists of a series of Can! Can! Can! Can! with not a pause to divide the ode into strophes. Its monotony and its harsh shrillness make it a most unpleasant ditty, especially when the orchestra is composed of some hundreds of executants, as happens in my two plane-trees during the dog-days. At such times it is as though a heap of dry walnuts were being shaken in a bag until the shells cracked. This irritating concert, a veritable torment, has only one slight advantage about it: the Ash Cicada does not start quite so early in the morning as the Common Cicada and does not sit up so late at night.

Although constructed on the same fundamental principles, the vocal apparatus displays numerous peculiarities which give the song its special character. The sound-chamber is entirely lacking, which means that there is no entrance-window either. The cymbal is uncovered, just behind the insertion of the hind-wing. It again is a dry, white scale, convex on the outside and crossed by a bundle of five red-brown nervures.

The first segment of the abdomen thrusts forward a short, wide tongue, which is quite rigid and of which the free end rests on the cymbal. This tongue may be compared with the blade of a rattle which, instead of fitting into the teeth of a revolving wheel, touches the nervures of the vibrating cymbal more or less closely. The harsh, grating sound must, I think, be partly due to this. It is hardly possible to verify the fact when holding the creature in our fingers: the startled Cacan does anything at such times rather than emit his normal song.

The lids do not overlap; on the contrary, they are separated by a rather wide interval. With the rigid tongues, those appendages of the abdomen, they shelter one half of the cymbals, the other half of which is quite bare. The abdomen, when pressed with the finger, does not open to any great extent where it joins the thorax. For the rest, the insect keeps still when it sings; it knows nothing of the rapid quivering of the belly that modulates the song of the Common Cicada. The chapels are very small and almost negligible as sounding-boards. There are mirrors, it is true, but insignificant ones, measuring scarcely a twenty-fifth of an inch. In short, the mechanism of sound, which is so highly developed in the Common Cicada, is very rudimentary here. How then does the thin clash of the cymbals manage to gain in volume until it becomes intolerable?

The Ash Cicada is a ventriloquist. If we examine the abdomen by holding it up to the light, we see that the front two thirds are translucent. Let us snip off the opaque third part that retains, reduced to the strictly indispensable, the organs essential to the propagation of the species and the preservation of the individual. The rest of the belly is wide open and presents a spacious cavity, with nothing but its tegumentary walls, except in the case of the dorsal surface, which is lined with a thin layer of muscle and serves as a support to the slender digestive tube, which is little more than a thread. The large receptacle, forming nearly half of the insect’s total bulk, is therefore empty, or nearly so. At the back are seen the two motor pillars of the cymbals, the two muscular columns arranged in a V. To the right and left of the point of this V gleam the two tiny mirrors; and the empty space is continued between the two branches into the depths of the thorax.

This hollow belly and its thoracic complement form an enormous resonator, unapproached by that of any other performer in our district. If I close with my finger the orifice in the abdomen which I have just clipped, the sound becomes lower, in conformity with the laws affecting organ-pipes; if I fit a cylinder, a screw of paper, to the mouth of the open belly, the sound becomes louder as well as deeper. With a paper funnel properly adjusted, its wide end thrust into the mouth of a test-tube acting as a sounding-board, we have no longer the shrilling of the Cicada but something very near the bellowing of a Bull. My small children, happening to be there at the moment when I am making my acoustic experiments, run away scared. The familiar insect inspires them with terror.

The harshness of the sound appears to be due to the tongue of the rattle rasping the nervures of the vibrating cymbals; its intensity may no doubt be ascribed to the spacious sounding-board of the belly. Assuredly one must be passionately enamoured of song thus to empty one’s belly and chest in order to make room for a musical-box. The essential vital organs are reduced to the minimum, are confined to a tiny corner, so as to leave a greater space for the sounding-cavity. Song comes first; all the rest takes second place.

It is a good thing that the Ash Cicada does not follow the teaching of the evolutionists. If, becoming more enthusiastic from generation to generation, he were able by progressive stages to acquire a ventral sounding-board fit to compare with that which my paper screws give him, my Provence, peopled as it is with Cacans, would one day become uninhabitable.

After the details which I have already given concerning the Common Cicada, it seems hardly necessary to say how the insupportable chatterbox of the Ash is rendered dumb. The cymbals are clearly visible on the outside. You prick them with the point of a needle. Complete silence follows instantly. Why are there not in my plane-trees, among the dagger-wearing insects, auxiliaries who, like myself, love quiet and who would devote themselves to that task! A mad wish! A note would then be lacking in the majestic harvest symphony.

The Red Cicada (C. hematodes) is a little smaller than the Common Cicada. He owes his name to the blood-red colour that takes the place of the other’s brown on the veins of the wings and some other lineaments of the body. He is rare. I come upon him occasionally in the hawthorn-bushes. As regards his musical apparatus, he stands half-way between the Common Cicada and the Ash Cicada. He has the former’s oscillation of the belly, which increases or reduces the strength of the sound by opening or closing the church; he possesses the latter’s exposed cymbals, unaccompanied by any sound-chamber or window.

The cymbals therefore are bare, immediately after the attachment of the hind-wings. They are white, fairly regular in their convexity and boast eight long, parallel nervures of a ruddy brown and seven others which are much shorter and which are inserted singly in the intervals between the first. The lids are small and scolloped at their inner edge so as to cover only half of the corresponding chapel. The opening left by the hollow in the lid has as a shutter a little pallet fixed to the base of the hind-leg, which, by folding itself against the body or lifting slightly, keeps the aperture either shut or open. The other Cicadæ have each a similar appendage, but in their case it is narrower and more pointed.

Moreover, as with the Common Cicada, the belly moves freely up and down. This heaving movement, combined with the play of the femoral pallets, opens and closes the chapels to varying extents.

The mirrors, though not so large as the Common Cicada’s, have the same appearance. The membrane that faces them on the thorax side is white, oval and very delicate and is tight-stretched when the abdomen is raised and flabby and wrinkled when the abdomen is lowered. In its tense state it seems capable of vibration and of increasing the sound.

The song, modulated and subdivided into strophes, suggests that of the

Common Cicada, but is much less objectionable. Its lack of shrillness may well be due to the absence of any sound-chambers. Other things being equal, cymbals vibrating uncovered cannot possess the same intensity of sound as those vibrating at the far end of an echoing vestibule. The noisy Ash Cicada also, it is true, lacks that vestibule; but he amply makes up for its absence by the enormous resonator of his belly.

I have never seen the third Cicada, sketched by Réaumur and described by Olivier [16] under the name of C. tomentosa. The species is known in Provence, so this and that one tells me, by the name of the Cigalon, or rather Cigaloun, the Little Cigale or Cicada. This designation is unknown in my neighbourhood.

I possess two other specimens which Réaumur probably confused with the one of which he gives us a drawing. One is the Black Cicada (C. atra, Oliv.), whom I came across only once; the other is the Pigmy Cicada (C. pygmæa, Oliv.), whom I have picked up pretty often. I will say a few words about this last one.

He is the smallest member of the genus in my district, the size of an average Gad-fly, and measures about three-quarters of an inch in length. His cymbals are transparent, with three opaque veins, are scarcely sheltered by a fold in the skin and are in full view, without any sort of entrance-lobby or sound-chamber. I may remark, in terminating our survey, that the entrance-lobby exists only in the Common Cicada; all the others are without it.

The dampers are separated by a wide interval and allow the chapels to open wide. The mirrors are comparatively large. Their shape suggests the outline of a kidney-bean. The abdomen does not heave when the insect sings; it remains stationary, like the Ash Cicada’s. Hence a lack of variety in the melody of both.

The Pigmy Cicada’s song is a monotonous rattle, pitched in a shrill key, but faint and hardly perceptible a few steps away in the calm of our enervating July afternoons. If ever a fancy seized him to forsake his sun-scorched bushes and to come and settle down in force in my cool plane-trees—and I wish that he would, for I should much like to study him more closely—this pretty little Cicada would not disturb my solitude as the frenzied Cacan does.

We have now ploughed our way through the descriptive part; we know the instrument of sound so far as its structure is concerned. In conclusion, let us ask ourselves the object of these musical orgies. What is the use of all this noise? One reply is bound to come: it is the call of the males summoning their mates; it is the lovers’ cantata.

I will allow myself to discuss this answer, which is certainly a very natural one. For fifteen years the Common Cicada and his shrill associate, the Cacan, have thrust their society upon me. Every summer for two months I have them before my eyes, I have them in my ears. Though I may not listen to them gladly, I observe them with a certain zeal. I see them ranged in rows on the smooth bark of the plane-trees, all with their heads upwards, both sexes interspersed with a few inches between them.

With their suckers driven into the tree, they drink, motionless. As the sun turns and moves the shadow, they also turn around the branch with slow lateral steps and make for the best-lighted and hottest surface. Whether they be working their suckers or moving their quarters, they never cease singing.

Are we to take the endless cantilena for a passionate call? I am not sure. In the assembly the two sexes are side by side; and you do not spend months on end in calling to some one who is at your elbow. Then again, I never see a female come rushing into the midst of the very noisiest orchestra. Sight is enough as a prelude to marriage here, for it is excellent; the wooer has no use for an everlasting declaration: the wooed is his next-door neighbour.

Could it be a means then of charming, of touching the indifferent one? I still have my doubts. I notice no signs of satisfaction in the females; I do not see them give the least flutter nor sway from side to side, though the lovers clash their cymbals never so loudly.

My neighbours the peasants say that, at harvest-time, the Cicada sings, “Sego, sego, sego! Reap, reap, reap!” to encourage them to work. Whether harvesters of wheat or harvesters of thought, we follow the same occupation, one for the bread of the stomach, the other for the bread of the mind. I can understand their explanation, therefore; and I accept it as an instance of charming simplicity.

Science asks for something better; but she finds in the insect a world that is closed to us. There is no possibility of divining or even suspecting the impression produced by the clash of the cymbals upon those who inspire it. All that I can say is that their impassive exterior seems to denote complete indifference. Let us not insist too much: the private feelings of animals are an unfathomable mystery.

Another reason for doubt is this: those who are sensitive to music always have delicate hearing; and this hearing, a watchful sentinel, should give warning of any danger at the least sound. The birds, those skilled songsters, have an exquisitely fine sense of hearing. Should a leaf stir in the branches, should two wayfarers exchange a word, they will be suddenly silent, anxious, on their guard. How far the Cicada is from such sensibility!

He has very clear sight. His large faceted eyes inform him of what happens on the right and what happens on the left; his three stemmata, like little ruby telescopes, explore the expanse above his head. The moment he sees us coming, he is silent and flies away. But place yourself behind the branch on which he is singing, arrange so that you are not within reach of the five visual organs; and then talk, whistle, clap your hands, knock two stones together. For much less than this, a bird, though it would not see you, would interrupt its singing and fly away terrified. The imperturbable Cicada goes on rattling as though nothing were afoot.

Of my experiments in this matter, I will mention only one, the most memorable. I borrow the municipal artillery, that is to say, the mortars which are made to thunder forth on the feast of the patron-saint. The gunner is delighted to load them for the benefit of the Cicadæ and to come and fire them off at my place. There are two of them, crammed as though for the most solemn rejoicings. No politician making the circuit of his constituency in search of re-election was ever honoured with so much powder. We are careful to leave the windows open, to save the panes from breaking. The two thundering engines are set at the foot of the plane-trees in front of my door. No precautions are taken to mask them: the Cicadæ singing in the branches overhead cannot see what is happening below.

We are an audience of six. We wait for a moment of comparative quiet. The number of singers is checked by each of us, as are the depth and rhythm of the song. We are now ready, with ears pricked up to hear what will happen in the aerial orchestra. The mortar is let off, with a noise like a genuine thunder-clap.

There is no excitement whatever up above. The number of executants is the same, the rhythm is the same, the volume of sound the same. The six witnesses are unanimous: the mighty explosion has in no way affected the song of the Cicadæ. And the second mortar gives an exactly similar result.

What conclusion are we to draw from this persistence of the orchestra, which is not at all surprised or put out by the firing of a gun? Am I to infer from it that the Cicada is deaf? I will certainly not venture so far as that; but, if any one else, more daring than I, were to make the assertion, I should really not know what arguments to employ in contradicting him. I should be obliged at least to concede that the Cicada is extremely hard of hearing and that we may apply to him the familiar saying, to bawl like a deaf man.

When the Blue-winged Locust takes his luxurious fill of sunshine on a gravelly path and with his great hind-shanks rubs the rough edge of his wing-cases; when the Green Tree-frog, suffering from as chronic a cold as the Cacan, swells his throat among the leaves and distends it into a resounding bladder at the approach of a storm, are they both calling to their absent mates? By no means. The bow-strokes of the first produce hardly a perceptible stridulation; the throaty exuberance of the second is no more effective: the object of their desire does not come.

Does the insect need these sonorous outbursts, these loquacious avowals, to declare its flame? Consult the vast majority, whom the meeting of the two sexes leaves silent. I see in the Grasshopper's fiddle, the Tree-frog's bagpipes and the cymbals of the Cacan but so many methods of expressing the joy of living, the universal joy which every animal species celebrates after its kind.

If any one were to tell me that the Cicadæ strum on their noisy instruments without giving a thought to the sound produced and for the sheer pleasure of feeling themselves alive, just as we rub our hands in a moment of satisfaction, I should not be greatly shocked. That there may be also a secondary object in their concert, an object in which the dumb sex is interested, is quite possible, quite natural, though this has not yet been proved.

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The Capitalism of Automobiles

by GEORGE SOULE.
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IT WOULD seem, at first blush, that anyone seeking a justification of capitalist individualism might find it in the growth of the automobile industry in the United States. The first cars produced were regarded generally as curiosities; few believed that their use would ever become common. Prizes were offered for motor vehicles which could run a few miles without a breakdown. The efforts of numerous inventors and _ their backers provided a wide array of experiments, out

of which a process of almost natural selection preserved those types and styles that were destined to be most durable, economical and convenient. A body of experts could hardly have chosen the features which ought to survive. There were, of course, many failures and much wasted effort in this experimentation, but energy and ingenuity were constantly attracted to the industry by the large and easy profits of those who found a market.
Then came the period, after cars had become more practical, when they were commonly regarded as luxuries, contributing little or nothing to the essential economic and social life of the nation. Even as late as 1910, conservative bankers were disturbed because, as they thought, the luxury-serving automobile was drawing capital away from "productive" uses, and thus contributing to business depression. Even yet, in Europe, automobiles are thought of as a prerogative merely of the well-to-do, and so are subject to luxury taxation.
But competition, combined with the genius of individuals peculiarly adapted to the task, worked out the technique of mass production, reduced prices, broadened markets, and rendered the automobile a necessity. Without its widespread use it would be impossible to imagine either the economic complex or the social setting of today in the United States. We see country life basically altered by it. We see changes in the locations where people may live in and about cities, and in their means of recreation. We see a great network of hard-surfaced roads, bearing not only privately-owned cars, but trucks and buses which have provided a new elasticity to our transportation system and aided its efficiency in vital ways, thus, in turn, altering the location of industrial plants.

Even in the latter history of the industry, competition and the freedom of individuals and groups to experiment have not been without their social uses. Study, for instance, the development of the two greatest concerns—Ford and General Motors. Ford was an early apostle of the sacrifice of everything else to the production of a single, ultrastandardized, inexpensive car. To this end he built up his vertical organization from mine and forest to assembling plant, invented and installed his great and costly single-purpose machinery, adapted and readapted all his processes. The result was the swarm of millions of black “Lizzies,” rising out of the red chaos of the blast furnace to buzz out over the furthest country roads. All was sternly directed by a single intelligence to a single utilitarian end. This sort of thing is what we might have expected from a governmentally built-up and socially directed automobile industry, if it had had the good luck to find a genius for a di- recting head. General Motors, on the other hand, was originally formed on a plan the exact opposite of Ford’s. Instead of concentrating on a single product, and risking all on a single throw, its guiding idea was to assemble every kind of car in sight, to buy up every new and possibly popular invention, with the aim of spreading the risk and scoring a shot-gun kill. At first the application of the plan seemed to be pure gambling, based almost wholly on chance— and, indeed, in those days the varying fortunes of producers— in hitting the public fancy seemed to be more compounded of luck than anything else. Later the General Motors’ spread of risk and the attempt to cover the market was rendered more systematic by a damper on the policy of expansion, the dropping of unprofitable lines, and the division of the products into price classes. In recent years, both Ford and General Motors have learned from each other. Ford has been forced to make concessions to basic improvements, to style and variety. General Motors has been forced to adopt, especially for its cheaper products, the major essentials of mass production and low price. Even yet, there are great differences between these major concerns which may be proved on the field of competition. One still practises extreme centralization; the other has left a wide scope for autonomy, though centralizing the management of essentials.

It is a question whether, under an economy subject in all its details to social planning and direction, we should have had an automobile industry growing from a production of 4,192 cars in 1899, with a wholesale value of $4,899,443, to a production of 4,428,286 cars in 1926, with a wholesale value of $3,163,756,676. It is a question whether there would have been the extensive trial, rejection and selection of types, devices and styles. It is a question whether there would have been the experimentation in methods of production and administration.

It is uncertain whether the uses of consumers would have been so thoroughly consulted and developed, the great additions to the common life made. Nevertheless, this is not the whole story. For one thing, the history of the industry furnishes a startling exception to much of the classical economists' account of the way society, under capitalist individualism, musters its resources and turns them to new uses. This is made plain by an excellent new book, "A Financial History of the American Automobile Industry," by Lawrence H. Seltzer, which won the Hart, Schaffner and Marx prize in economics and is published by Houghton Mifflin Company. The usual account of the accumulation and investment of capital is something as follows.

Individuals, by enduring sacrifice of present enjoyment and exercising foresight, save part of their incomes. Out of such savings a fund of capital is accumulated. Part of this fund is lent out, on good security, at interest—some for long terms, some for short. The interest, in this case, furnishes the inducement for savings. Industry, in turn, uses for capital purposes the money thus borrowed—the long-term borrowings for fixed or permanent equipment, the short-term for liquid or working capital. Another part of the capital fund is invested in the actual ownership of business enterprises. In this case the owners of capital take a greater risk, and stand a chance of earning a larger return than mere lenders, in compensation for the risk they take. Thus new and venturesome enterprises are started. The essential features of this doctrine are: (1) that capital is thought of as a fund, arising from the savings of individuals, (2) that without these savings and this fund, industry could not acquire its necessary equipment and other capital requirements, (3) that the interest payment is a necessary inducement for the saving and investment of the capital fund, and, (4) that the possibly larger return of profits is necessary to induce savers to take the risks of industrial or business ownership.

But Mr. Seltzer makes it clear that most of the automobile companies started without the investment or risk of much new capital out of any "fund" of "savings." The inventor or promoter

—usually a combination of the two—would order parts from machine shops and foundries already in existence and equipped to make the things needed. Thus they did not need an extensive plant. Most of the capital necessary to start was already existent in physical form, extending back from the fabricating establishment to the steel mill and coal mine. It was “fixed” capital, but not, as is ordinarily understood by that term, dedicated inflexibly to customary uses. Nor, at the beginning, did the establishments called upon have to enlarge their plants or attract the investment of savings to do so. For one thing, the initial demands upon them were small while the automobile assemblers were feeling out their markets. For another, the supply and material firms were eager for this chance to use their idle equipment—thus utilizing “capital” already invested and without employment. Capital resources out of diversion of physical equipment from old uses, and out of existing economic waste —these are two important springs not identified by most of the deductive economists, ~

This process was further emphasized when, a little later, machinery firms themselves turned to the manufacture of automobiles, or when companies making older products like carriages or wagons (Studebaker) took up'motor-car manufacturing. It is true that the automobile companies issued large amounts of stock. But much of this was given to promoters, and some in partial guarantee of payment to the supply firms. The classic example of the great Ford enterprise resting on an actually paid-in cash capital of but $28,000 is typical to a degree. It does not indicate the tapping of a “fund” of money savings, or the incurring of an investor’s risk, at all commensurate with the magnitude of the outcome.

Most of the motor manufacturers, moreover, had little need of liquid capital in the form of bank credit or borrowed money. Those who made supplies for them extended credit up to ninety days; the dealers who bought from them were often required to pay in part in advance with their orders, and almost invariably to pay cash on delivery. Thus

the car was often sold and paid for before the manufacturer had to settle for his materials.
The profits to the successful from these proceedings were enormous, and were, to a great degree, reinvested in the business, although large cash dividends were paid at the same time. This reinvestment of profits furnished the greater part of the capital necessary for the large plants which grew up as the industry attained its majority. After analyzing the finances of eight leading automobile producers, Mr. Seltzer comes to the conclusion that not less than about 80 percent of their tangible invested capital came from reinvested profits. It must be borne in mind that this so-called “tangible” capital is to a large extent not tangible at all, but represents, in part, money paid for rights or plants no longer working. General Motors, for instance, in its first wild burst of acquisition, bought many lines which later were discontinued. It bought the Heany lamp companies, paying for them, in cash and stock, considerably more than it paid for Cadillac, or for the Buick and Olds companies combined.

About all it received for this payment were patent rights which were soon voided. Yet on October 1, 1927, the securities issued for this purchase had a market value of $320,000,000, had received over $50,000,000 in cash dividends, and were receiving annual dividends at the rate of $10,000,000. Only the immense profits on the continuing properties made good on such “investments” as these. Another factor which tends to conceal the importance of reinvested profits as a source of capital is the extent to which they formed the capital resources of companies later bought by others, and thus showing on present balance sheets as assets for which cash was paid.

It may be argued, of course, that reinvested profits represent savings and sacrifice on the part of the individual stockholders, since if the company had not reinvested them, the stockholders would temporarily have received more in cash dividends. But when it is remembered that the stockholders were already receiving cash dividends on their actual cash investments varying from 10 up to several thousand percent, and even to _ infinity percent (in the cases of those who invested no cash at all)—it seems a little far-fetched to extend the original savings-and-sacrifice idea, with its concept of a capital fund, to corporate reinvestment of profits. Much more reasonable and in accord with the facts it would seem to regard these reinvested profits as a function of a progressive industry stimulating a rapidly growing consumer demand, a demand which furnished both the surplus profits and the anticipation of continually expanding markets as an incentive to the extension of plant. The process of accumulation and reinvestment of corporate surplus seems much more a social than an individual one, tied up, that is, not so much with the conscious foresight and self-deprivations of individual stockholders, as with the processes and habits of markets and corporate management. The tendency of the individual to save becomes subordinated to the habit of a great industry, resting on invention, technical advance, widespread popular use, and the resulting insistent urge to expansion. The accumulation of physical capital becomes the effort of industrial management to turn consumer demand as rapidly as possible into productive capacity—indeed, to stimulate consumer demand by lower costs—rather than the painful scraping of savings-bank depositors to provide for their future. The lead is taken, not by money motives, but by technical and industrial motives.

The cream of the jest is, that in recent years when the individual savess have to large extent invested in motor company securities, all the purposes ordinarily assigned by_orthodox economics to saving, investment and risk had already been served. Their money was not needed to enlarge plants or finance experiments. The major risks had already been taken. Those who had borne them had already received their munificent gains. The investments of the saving public served, rather, to benefit financial reorganizers and to encourage the operations of stock-market speculators.
We may see, too, that the period of experiment and competition is rapidly coming to an end, and that, in so far as it survives, it is of decidedly less

social benefit than it used to be. Some time ago, the industry organized its engineering forces in the Society of Automotive Engineers. Arrangements have long been made for a wide standardization of parts and materials. New devices and inventions, unless they are of revolutionary import, are by agreement simultaneously available to all manufacturers.

The number of the makers has shrunk considerably, both by failures and mergers; soon we shall have a comparatively few large stabilized producers. Meanwhile, such cempetition an survives is mainly along the line of needless variations in external fashion—variations not demanded by consumers but thrust upon them by snobbish and expensive advertising and salesmanship. This industry, so highly efficient in production, is wasteful to a degree in merchandising, since it presses so avidly for continually enlarging volume. Only a few cars in the United States cost more than $500 to make —the rest of what we pay is what it costs to sell them. And there are continuous rumblings about the condition of the unorganized working force.

The real situation, then, seems to be this. Freedom for experiment under private, competitive ownership, stimulated by the hope of profit, was a useful institution in the case of the new and uncertain industry. But any obligations which society may owe to the promoters and owners for sacrifice and risk have already been paid off a thousandfold. And we do not need to encourage such investment in the grown-up industry; it is capable, for the most part, of financing itself. Therefore, if for any reason it should seem desirable to establish social controls over the mature industry, there would be little either in the moral obligation to past risk-takers or in the need for further savings, to prevent it. In other words, the economic theory of savings and investment does not apply.

How far the automobile industry is typical of others in this respect we should not say without further inquiry. But it is equally true that we should not continue to accept, without further inquiry, the conventional accounts of how industry grows.

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THE PRAIRIE.

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The Southern Literary Messenger, Vol.
II., No. 6, May, 1836, by Various

This word is pronounced by the common people _pa-ra-re_. I was in the peninsula of Michigan, and had been for a day or two traversing the most dreary country imaginable, when I saw for the first time a salt or wet prairie, which is only a swampy meadow, grown up in a rank, coarse, sedgy grass.

Not long after we began to catch glimpses of the upland prairies. These are either clear prairies, totally destitute of trees, or oak openings which consist of clear prairie and scattered trees. A clear prairie--a broad unvaried expanse--presents rather a monotonous appearance like the sea, but surely the human eye has never rested on more lovely landscapes than these oak openings present. They answered my conceptions of lawns, parks and pleasure grounds in England; they are the lawns, parks and pleasure grounds of nature, laid out and planted with an inimitable grace, fresh as creation.

In these charming woodlands are a number of small lakes, the most picturesque and delightful sheets of water imaginable. The prairies in the summer are covered with flowers. I am an indifferent botanist, but in a short walk I gathered twenty four species which I had not seen before. These flowers and woods and glittering lakes surpass all former conception of beauty. Each flower, leaf, and blade of grass, and green twig glistens with pendulous diamonds of dew. The sun pours his light upon the water and streams through the sloping glades. To a traveller unaccustomed to such scenes, they are pictures of a mimic paradise. Sometimes they stretch away far as the eye can reach, soft as Elysian meadows, then they swell and undulate, voluptuous as the warm billows of a southern sea.

In these beautiful scenes we saw numerous flocks of wild turkies, and now and then a prairie hen, or a deer bounding away through flowers. Here too is found the prairie wolf which some take to be the Asiatic jackall. It is so small as not to be dangerous alone. It is said however, that they hunt in packs like hounds, headed by a grey wolf. Thus they pursue the deer with a cry {355} not unlike that of hounds, and have been known to rush by a farm-house in hot pursuit. The officers of the army stationed at the posts on the Prairies amuse themselves hunting these little wolves which in some parts are very numerous.

C. C.

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THE NEW COLUMBUS

by Julian Hawthorne

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The Arena Volume 4, No. 19, June, 1891
Editor: B. O. Flower

History repeats itself, but on new planes. Often, a symbol appears in one age, and the spirit of which it is the expression is revealed in another. Each answers the need of its own time. From the creative standpoint, which is out of time, spirit and symbol are one; but to us, who see things successively, they seem as prior and posterior.

If this be so, it should be possible for a thoughtful and believing mind in some measure to forecast the future from the record of the past. No doubt, past and present contain the germs of all that is to be, were the analyst omniscient. But it needs not omniscience roughly to body-forth the contours of coming events. It is done daily, on a smaller or larger scale, with more or less plausibility. All theories are grounded in this principle. And it is noticeable that, at this moment, such tentative prophesies are more than frequent, and more comprehensive than usual in their scope.

The condition of mankind, during the last quarter of the fifteenth century, bore some curious analogies to its state at present. A certain stage or epoch of human life seemed to have run its course and come to a stop. The impulses which had started it were exhausted. In the political field, feudalism, originally beneficent, had become tyrannous and stifling; and monarchy, at first an austere necessity, had grown to be, beyond measure, arrogant, selfish, and luxurious. In science, the old methods had proved themselves puerile and inefficient, and the leading scientists were magicians and witches; in literature, no poet had arisen worthy to strike the lyre that Chaucer tuned to music. As for religion, the corruptions of the papacy, and the corresponding degradation of the monasteries and of the priesthood generally, had brought it down from a region of sublime and self-abnegating faith, to a commodity for raising money, and a cloak to hide profligacy. Martin Luther was still in the womb of the future; and so were Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, and Oliver Cromwell. Pessimists were declaring, according to their invariable custom, that what was bad would get worse, and that what was good would disappear. But there were, scattered here and there throughout Christendom, a number of men of the profounder, optimistic tendency, who saw in existing abuses but the misuse or misapprehension of elements intrinsically good; who knew that evils bear in themselves the seeds of their own extirpation; and who believed that Providence, far from having failed in its design to secure the ultimate happiness of the human race, was bringing the old order of things to a close in order to provide place for something new and higher.

But that obstacle in the way of improvement which was apparently the most immovable, was the geographical one. The habitable earth was used up. Outside of Europe there was nothing, save inaccessible wilderness, and barren, boundless seas. There was nothing for the mass of men to do, and yet their energy and desire were as great as ever; there was nowhere for them to go, and yet they were steadily increasing in numbers. The Crusades had amused them for a while, but they were done with; the plague had thinned them out, and war had helped the plague; but the birth-rate was more than a match for both. A new planet, with all the fresh interests and possibilities which that would involve, seemed absolutely necessary. But who should erect a ladder to the stars, or draw them down from the sky within man's reach? The one indispensable thing was also the one thing impossible.

If, next year, we were to learn that some miraculous Ericsson or Edison had established a practicable route to the planet Mars, and that this neighbor of ours in the solar system was found to be replete with all the things that we most want and can least easily get,--were such news to reach us, we might comprehend the sensation created in the Europe of 1492, four centuries ago, when it received the information that a certain Christopher Columbus had discovered a brand new continent, overflowing with gold and jewels, on the other side of the Atlantic. The impossible had happened. Our globe was not the petty sphere that it had been assumed to be. There was room in it for everybody, and a fortune for the picking up. And all the world, with Spain in the van, prepared to move on El Dorado. A whiff of the fresh Western air blew in all nostrils, and re-animated the moribund body of civilization. The stimulus of Columbus' achievement was felt in every condition of human life and phase of human activity. Mankind once more saw a future, and bound up its loins to take advantage of it. Literature felt the electric touch, and blossomed in the unmatched geniuses of the Elizabethan age.

Science ceased to reason *à priori*, and began to investigate and classify facts. Human liberty began to be conscious of thews and sinews, soon to be tested in the struggle of the Netherlands against Philip II. of Spain, and, later, in that of the people of England against their own Charles Stuart. Religion was heard to mutter something about the rights of private conscience, and anon the muttering took form in the heroic protest of the man of Eisleben. It was like the awakening in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, in the fairy-tale. Columbus had kissed the lips of the Princess America, and at once the long-pent stream of old-world life dashed onward like a cataract.

A new world! Four hundred years have passed, and the New World is less a novelty than it was. We have begun to suspect that no given number of square miles of land, no eloquence and sagacity of paper preambles and declarations, no swiftness of travel nor instantaneousness of communication, no invincibility of ironclads nor refinement of society, no logic in religion, no gospel of political economy,--none of these and a hundred other things will read us the Riddle of the Sphinx. _Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!_ The elements of true life lie deeper and are simpler. Once more, it seems, we have reached the limits of a dispensation, and are halted by a blank wall. There is no visible way over it, nor around it. We cannot stand still; still less can we turn back. What is to happen? What happens when an irresistible force encounters an impenetrable barrier?

That was the question asked in Columbus' day; and he found an answer to it. Are we to expect the appearance of a new Columbus to answer it again? To unimaginative minds it looks as if there were no career for a new Columbus. In the first place, population is increasing so fast that soon even the steppes of Russia and the western American plains will be overcrowded. Again, land, and the control of industries, are falling into the possession of a comparative handful of persons, to whom the rest of the population must inevitably become subject; or, should the latter rebel, the ensuing period of chaos would be followed, at best, by a return of the old conditions. Religion is a lifeless letter, a school of good-breeding, a philosophical amusement; the old unreasoning faith that moved mountains can never revive. Science advances with ever more and yet more caution, but each new step only confirms the conviction that the really commanding secrets of existence will forever elude discovery. Literature, rendered uncreative by the scientific influence, has fallen to refining upon itself, and photographing a narrow conception of facts. The exhausting heats of Equatorial Africa, and the paralyzing cold of the Poles, forbid the hope of successful colonization of those regions. Social life is an elaborate apeing of behavior which has no root in the real impulses of the human heart; its true underlying spirit is made up of hatred, covetousness, and self-indulgence. There are no illusions left to us, no high, inspiring sentiment. We have reached our limit, and the best thing to be hoped for now is some vast cataclysmal event, which, by destroying us out-of-hand, may save us the slow misery of extinction by disease, despair, and the enmity of every man against every other. What Columbus can help us out of such a predicament?

Such is the refrain of the nineteenth century pessimist. But, as before, the sprouting of new thought and belief is visible to the attentive eye all over the surface of the sordid field of a decaying civilization. The time has come when the spirit of Columbus' symbol shall avouch itself, vindicating the patient purpose of Him who brings the flower from the seed. Great discoveries come when they are needed; never too early nor too late. When nothing else will serve the turn, then, and not till then, the rock opens, and the spring gushes forth. Who that has considered the philosophy of the infinitely great and of the infinitely minute can doubt the inexhaustibleness of nature? And what is nature but the characteristic echo, in sense, of the spirit of man?

Even on the material plane, there are numberless opportunities for the new Columbus. Ever and anon a canard appears in a newspaper, or a romance is published, reporting or describing some imaginary invention which is to revolutionize the economical situation. The problem of air-navigation is among the more familiar of these suggestions, though by no means the most important of them. No doubt we shall fly before long, but that mode of travel will be, after all, nothing more than an improvement upon existing means of intercommunication. After the principle has been generally adopted, and the novelty has worn off, we shall find ourselves not much better, nor much worse off than we were before. Flying will be but another illustration of the truth that competition is only intensified by the perfecting of its instruments. Men will still be poor and rich, happy and unhappy, as formerly. If I can go from New York to London in a day, instead of in a week, so also can those against whom I am competing. The idea that there is any real gain of time is an illusion; the day will still contain its four-and-twenty hours, and I shall, as before, sleep so many, play so many, and work so many. Relatively, my state will be unchanged.

More promising is the idea of the transformation of matter. Science is now nearly ready to affirm that substances of all kinds are specific conditions of etheric vortices. Vibration is the law of existence, and if we could control vibrations, we could create substances, either directly from the etheric base, or, mediately, by inducing the atoms of any given substance so to modify their mutual arrangement, or characteristic vibration, as to produce another substance. It is evident that if this feat is ever performed, it must be by some process of elemental simplicity, readily available for every tyro. A prophet has arisen, during these latter days, in Philadelphia, who somewhat obscurely professes to be on the track of this discovery. He is commonly regarded as a charlatan; but men cognizant of the latest advances of science admit themselves unable to explain upon any known principles the effects he produces. It need not be pointed out that if Mr. Keely, or any one else, has found a way to metamorphose one substance into another, the consequences to the world must be profound. Labor for one's daily bread will be a thing of the past, when bread may be made out of stones by the mere setting-up of a particular vibration. The race for wealth will cease, when every one is equally able to command all the resources of the globe. The whole point of view regarding the material aspects of life will be vitally altered; leisure (so far as necessary physical effort is concerned) will inevitably be universal. For when we consider what have been the true motives of civilization and its appurtenances during the greater part of the historical period, we find it to be the desire to better our physical condition. It is commerce that has built cities, made railroads, laws, and wars, maintained the boundaries of nations, and kept up the human contact which we are accustomed to call society. When commerce ceases--as it will cease, when there is no longer any reason for its existence--all the results of it that we have mentioned will cease also. In other words, civilization and society, as we now know them, will disappear. Human beings will stay where they are born, and live as the birds do. There will be no work except creative or artistic work, done for the mere pleasure of the doing, voluntarily. Society will no longer be based upon mutual rivalries and the gain of personal advantage. Science will not be pursued on its present lines, or for its present ends; for when the human race has attained leisure and the gratification of its material wants, it would have no motives for further merely physical investigation.

This would seem to involve a new kind of barbarism. And so, no doubt, it would, were the discoveries of our Columbus to be limited to the material plane. But it is far more probable that material transubstantiation will be merely the corollary or accompaniment of an infinitely more important revelation and expansion in the spiritual sphere. What we are to expect is an awakening of the soul; the re-discovery and re-habilitation of the genuine and indestructible religious instinct. Such a religious revival will be something very different from what we have hitherto known under that name. It will be a spontaneous and joyful realization by the soul of its vital relations with its Creator. Ecclesiastical forms and dogmas will vanish, and nature will be recognized as a language whereby God converses with man. The interpretation of this language, based as it is upon an eternal and living symbolism, containing infinite depths beyond depths of meaning, will be a sufficient study and employment for mankind forever. Art will receive an inconceivable stimulus, from the recognition of its true significance as a re-humanization of nature, and from the perception of its scope and possibilities. Science will become, in truth, the handmaid of religion, in that it will be devoted to reporting the physical analogies of spiritual truths, and following them out in their subtler details. Hitherto, the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision, because it would not accept the inevitable dependence of body on soul, as of effect on cause. But as soon as physical research begins to go hand-in-hand with moral or psychical, it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other. The study of human nature will give direction to the study of the nature that is not human; and the latter will illustrate and confirm the conclusions of the former. More than half the difficulties of science as now practised is due to ignorance of what to look for; but when it can refer at each step to the truths of the mind and heart, this obstacle will disappear, and certainty take the place of experiment.

The attitude of men towards one another will undergo a corresponding change. It is already become evident that selfishness is a colossal failure. Viewed as to its logical results, it requires that each individual should possess all things and all power. Hostile collision thus becomes inevitable, and more is lost by it than can ever be gained. Recent social theorists propose a universal co-operation, to save the waste of personal competition. But competition is a wholesome and vital law; it is only the direction of it that requires alteration. When the cessation of working for one's livelihood takes place, human energy and love of production will not cease with it, but will persist, and must find their channels. But competition to outdo each in the service of all is free from collisions, and its range is limitless. Not to support life, but to make life more lovely, will be the effort; and not to make it more lovely for one's self, but for one's neighbor. Nor is this all. The love of the neighbor will be a true act of Divine worship, since it will then be acknowledged that mankind, though multiplied to human sense, is in essence one; and that in that universal one, which can have no self-consciousness, God is present or incarnate. The divine humanity is the only real and possible object of mortal adoration, and no genuine sentiment of human brotherhood is conceivable apart from its recognition. But, with it, the stature of our common manhood will grow towards the celestial.

Obviously, with thoughts and pursuits of this calibre to engage our attention, we shall be very far from regretting those which harass and enslave us to-day. Leaving out of account the extension of psychical faculties, which will enable the antipodes to commune together at will, and even give us the means of conversing with the inhabitants of other planets, and which will so simplify and deepen language that audible speech, other than the musical sounds indicative of emotion, will be regarded as a comic and clumsy archaism,--apart from all this, the fathomless riches of wisdom to be gathered from the commonest daily objects and outwardly most trivial occurrences, will put an end to all craving for merely physical change of place and excitement. Gradually the human race will become stationary, each family occupying its own place, and living in patriarchal simplicity, though endowed with power and wisdom that we should now consider god-like. The sons and daughters will go forth whither youthful love calls them; but, with the perfecting of society, those whose spiritual sympathies are closest will never be spatially remote; lovers will not then, as now, seek one another in the ends of the earth, and probably miss one another after all. Each member of the great community will spontaneously enlist himself in the service of that use which he is best qualified to promote; and, as in the human body, all the various parts, in fulfilling their function, will serve one another and the whole.

Perhaps the most legitimately interesting phase of this speculation relates to the future of these qualities and instincts in human nature which we now call evil and vicious. Since these qualities are innate, they can never be eradicated, nor even modified in intensity or activity. They belong with us, nay, they are all there is of us, and with their disappearance, we ourselves should disappear. Are we, then, to be wicked forever? Hardly so; but, on the contrary, what we have known as wickedness will show itself to be the only possible basis and energy of goodness. These tremendous appetites and passions of ours were not given us to be extinguished, but to be applied aright.

They are like fire, which is the chief of destroyers when it escapes bounds, or is misused; but, in its right place and function, is among the most indispensable of blessings. But to enlarge upon this thought would carry us too far from the immediate topic; nor is it desirable to follow with the feeble flight of our imagination the heaven-embracing orbit of this theme. A hint is all that can be given, which each must follow out for himself. We have only attempted to indicate what regions await the genius of the new Columbus; nor does the conjecture seem too bold that perhaps they are not so distant from us in time as they appear to be in quality. They are with us now, if we would but know it.

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Maesa japonica

MAESA (MYRSINACEAE) IN MICRONESIA

by By F. R. Fosberg and Marie-Helene Sachet

from PHYTOLOGIA Vol. 44, No. 5

1979 Fosberg & Sachet, Maesa in Micronesia

Dedicated to Dr. Egbert H. Walker, for many years a leading authority on the Myrsinaceae.

The genus Maesa has many, mostly ill-distinguished species in the Indo-Pacific region. Four of these, one with three varieties, occur in Micronesia, all probably endemic. We present a tentative treatment with descriptions and a key. Two of the species and one variety are described here as new.

Maesa Forsk., FI. aeg.-arab. 66, 1775.—Mez. Pflanzenr. IV, 236: 15-54, 1902.—A. C. Smith, Jour. Arn. Arb. 54: 3-36, 1973.

Shrubs or small trees, leaves simple, margins entire to dentate, pinnately veined, with secretory canals in the tissues, sometimes appearing as glandular lines or areolations on the surfaces; flowers in simple or branched racemes, these one or more in an axil, or in loose terminal panicles, with bracts at bases and apices of pedicels; flowers 4- or 5-merous, sepals imbricate or not at bases, margins often glandular-erose, surfaces usually gland-dotted; corolla deeply or shallowly lobed, tube included in or somewhat exserted from the calyx; anthers inserted in front of and below corolla lobes; ovary inferior or partly so, ovules many on a central placenta, hypanthium with or without longitudinal ridges or glandular lines, style short, from a lobate disk, stigma subcapitate to somewhat lobate; fruit baccate, crowned by persistent calyx, seeds loose or coherent in a mass embedded in pulp.

A. C. Smith (Jour. Arn. Arb. 54: 3-6, 1973) in discussing the Fijian Maesa species, has aptly described the taxonomic problems presented by this genus. The Micronesian species, though fewer, are fully as difficult. Here is offered a tentative treatment of the Micronesian species with a key which, it is hoped, may enable others to name specimens and possibly delimit populations in the field. Two new species and one new variety are described.

A character used in this key which may be unfamiliar, perhaps peculiar to the Myrsinaceae and especially to Maesa , is the presence of what have been called "nervilliform lines" (Mez), "resiniferous lines" (Mez), or "secretory canals" (Smith) in the tissue of the leaves. These are not always evident in dried specimens though frequently more so in cleared preparations. In certain species, including 3 out of the 4 Micronesian ones, they show up as fine sinuously parallel lines forming a network or areolation, easily mistaken for a venation pattern. However, this areolation, dark in color, is seen, when magnified, to be independent of the network of veins. In the following key and descriptions, it is only mentioned if it shows up at least on the under surface of relatively young leaves in dried specimens. The areolation is usually somewhat elongate parallel to the principal side veins.

Key to Micronesian Taxa

1. Flowers tetramerous, young growth pilose.

. Maesa canfieldiae

1. Flowers pentamerous, young growth scurfy to subglabrous...2

2. Nervilliform lines forming an areolation with cells elongate parallel to the lateral nerves.3

3. Immature fruit with prominent vertical dark lines, stigma included in calyx, lenticels large, abundant on branches. Maesa walkeri

3. Immature fruit not lineate, stigma slightly exserted from calyx in young fruit, lenticels present but small and not abundant .

. Maesa palauensis

2. Nervilliform areolation lacking or at least not easy
to see (Maesa carolinensis) .4

4. Pedicels about 1 mm long or less.
. Maesa carolinensis var. subsessilis

4. Pedicels over 1 mm, elongating'to 3-4 mm, becoming
reflexed in fruit.5

5. Leaves mostly broadly obovate, contracted
to an acute or attenuate base.

. Maesa carolinensis var. carolinensis

5. Leaves mostly broadly ovate to very broadly

elliptic, base founded to subcordate .

Maesa carolinensis var. kusaiensis

Maesa canfieldiae Fosberg & Sachet, n. sp.

Frutex vel arbuscula ramulis bruneolis minute lenticellatis brevi-pilosis, folia oblonga vel anguste ovata vel obovata acuminata marginibus subintegris supra sparse strigulosis infra costis venisque brevi-pilosis nervilliformi-lineolatis longi-areolatis, petiolis 1-1.5 cm, racemis axillaribus solitariis 1-2 cm longis vix ramosis sparse pilosulis, bracteis pedicellorum grandis vix connatis late ovato-deltoideis hispidulis lineatis, flore 4-mero, corolla tubo 203 plo lobis, bacca globosa lineata.
(Typus: Angaur, Canfield 693 (US)).

Shrub or small tree, with slightly zigzag brown minutely lenticellate shortly pilose branchlets; leaves oblong to narrowly ovate or narrowly obovate, apex prominently acuminate, base rounded, margin subentire, upper surface sparsely appressed hirtellous, under surface paler, pilosulous on midrib and principal veins, with fine "nervilliform lines" parallel with main nerves, forming an elongate areolation quite visible to naked eye, petiole 1-1.5 cm, shortly pilose; racemes axillary, solitary, 1-2 cm long, not or very rarely branched, sparsely pilosulous, rhachis-bracts minute, acuminate, notably pilosulous, pedicels 1-2 mm long, bracts at their summits large, broadly ovate-deltoid, slightly carinate, slightly connate at least on one side, hispidulous, lineate, margin slightly glandular-erose; flowers 4-merous, calyx lobes broadly ovate, obtuse, lineate, glandular, hypanthium strongly glandular, corolla with tube 2-3 times the length of the lobes, sub-urceolate, strongly and closely lineate, lobes rounded to obtuse, some slightly mucronulate, anthers included, orbicular, on short filaments, inserted part-way up tube, style very short, included in calyx in fruit, stigma truncate, depressed in center; immature fruit globose, with many raised longitudinal dark brown lines, mature fruit globose, about 5 mm diameter, white, juicy, sweet, edible; seeds obpyramidal, mature ones unavailable.

This species is known only from Angaur, Palau, and is said by the local inhabitants to have only been known to them since World War II. It may well be an introduction from elsewhere, but we have not been able to match it. It seems closest to

to obtuse or slightly bluntly acuminate, lower surface minutely puncticulate, veins 5-8 on a side, petiole 2-4 cm; racemes slender, up to 10 cm, scarcely scurfy, very densely flowered, pedicels to 4 mm, becoming reflexed, rhachis bracts ovate-triangular, bracts at summit of pedicel very broadly ovate, with very wide hyaline margins, margins of bracts and calyx lobes glandular-erose, calyx lobes broadly triangular-ovate, obtusish to acute, scarcely auriculate, black-dotted; corolla tube slightly exceeding calyx, lobes rounded, with dark veins when dry; style somewhat exserted from calyx in young fruit, stigma small, peltate.

Endemic to Ponape.

Caroline Is.: Ponape: s.l., Kanehira 837 (US), 1634 (US), 1557 (P); Langar, Hallier 92 (HBG, US); Paue, Monte Santo, 700 m, Ledermann 13586a (B, syntype, here designated as lectotype); Patapat, Abh. des Tols, 20-600 m, Ledermann 13187 (B, syntype) .

Maesa carolinensis var. kusaiensis Fosberg & Sachet, n. var.

Folia late ovata vel late elliptica basi rotundata vel subcordata, rachidibus racemorum juniorum spadiceis-furfuraceis a var. carolinensis divergens. (Typus: Hosokawa 6341 (US)).

Leaves broadly ovate to very broadly elliptic, base rounded to subcordate, apex obtuse to broadly and bluntly slightly acuminate, petiole 1-3 cm; racemes only very shortly or scarcely pedunculate, rhachis and pedicels brownish scurfy when in flower.

Otherwise as in var. carolinensis .

Endemic to Kusaie.

Caroline Is.: Kusaie: without loc., Kanehira 1359 (US); H. F . Moore 82 (US); Malemu, utwa, Fenkol-sanroku, VII. 31,

1933, Hosokawa 6341 (US, holotype, 2 sheets).

Maesa carolinensis var. subsessilis Hosokawa, Jour. Jap. Bot.

13: 612-613, 1937.

Leaves as in var. carolinensis but usually somewhat nar¬ rower (except in Hallier 93 and Evans 1263) , petiole 1-2 cm, racemes usually fascicled, on dwarf branchlets, 2-4 (-5) at a node, not pedunculate, not or scarcely scurfy, pedicels mostly M. papuana Warb., to which it keys in Mez monograph (Pflr. IV,

236: 16-23, 54, 1902), and to M. tetrandra (Roxb.) A. DC., to which it keys in Backer and Bakhuizen, Flora of Java 2: 195,

1965. From M. papuana it differs in the abundant pilose rather than scurfy indument and the much larger leaves with longer petioles.

From M. tetrandra it differs in the rounded rather than ovate-triangular corolla lobes, the included rather than exserted stamens, the much shorter leaf-pubescence, and the prominent rather than obscure or absent nervilliform areolation. It agrees with both these species in the long corolla tube and tetramerous flowers.

Caroline Is.: Palau Is.: Angaur I.: along road NE of boat basin, 3 m, Canfield 693 (US, holotype); along old road, parallel to and W of airstrip, 4 m, Canfield 210 (US); 0.6 mi. E of boat basin, 3 m, Canfield 416 (US); along road above S bank of NW lake, 10 m, Canfield 759 (US); along road l/4 mi. W of S end of airfield, 3 m, Canfield 767 (US).

Named for the collector of all of the known specimens, Miss Joan Canfield, former Smithsonian Peace Corps volunteer botanist who made notable collections in Palau in 1977-1979.

Maesa carolinensis Mez, Bot. Jahrb. 56; 535, 1921.

Shrub or small tree, young parts and racemes glabrous to somewhat scurfy, twigs rather prominently lenticellate; leaves with medium to broad blades, not noticeably nervilliform-areolate, margins entire to slightly undulate, petioles much shorter than blades; racemes 1 to usually several in an exil, nearly as long as leaf blades, pedicels becoming reflexed, bracts minute, those at summit of pedicel to 2 mm long; flowers 5-merous, corolla tube included in calyx; immature and mature fruit without vertical lines or ridges, about 3 ram diam. (Type: Ponape, Ledermann 13586a (B)).

Endemic to Eastern Caroline Islands, one variety each on Truk, Ponape and Kusaie.

Maesa carolinensis Mez var. carolinensis

Glabrous, leaves tending to be broadly obovate, up to 24 cm long contracted to an acute or attenuate base, apex rounded less than 1 mm long, even in fruit; calyx lobes rounded, tending to become acute in young fruit, disk very small, stigma included in persistent calyx.

Endemic to Truk Group.

Caroline Is.: known from Moen, Dublon, Fefan, Tadiu, Eten, Tol islands. Vernacular name "erenippoi

Caroline Is.: Truk: s.l. Koidzumi in 1915 (US); Moen I., 100-

400 m, Evans 1263 (US, BISH); Dublon I., Hosokawa 6540 (US); Tol I. Hosokawa 8322 (US, isotype); Mt. Tumital, Fosberg 24454 (US, BISH, Fo); "auf dem Tolowan," Hallier 93 (HBG, US) .

Maesa palauensis Mez, Bot. Jahrb. 56: 536, 1921.

Maesa sp., Kawagoe, Bull. Kagoshima Imp. Coll. Forestry 3: 188, 1918.

Shrub or small tree, branchlets slightly zigzag, only moderately lenticellate, youngest parts rusty scurfy; leaves very broadly elliptic or ovate to suborbicular, apex bluntly somewhat acuminate or acutish to obtuse or rounded, base obtuse to rounded or subtruncate, margin irregularly slightly undulate, slightly revolute, main veins 6-8, nervilliform areolation of under side of young leaves tending to be dark and areolae some¬

what elongate parallel to direction of main veins, crossed by occasional heavier veins, petiole 2.5-5 cm long; racemes 3-8 cm long, not pedunculate, well-developed ones with one to several branches near base at nearly 90° to rachis, not particularly scurfy even when young, bracts at bases of pedicels about 1 mm long, ovate triangular, the pair at summit of pedicels similar, slightly broader, slightly acuminate or not; calyx lobes triangular-ovate, usually somewhat acuminate, somewhat hyaline-margined, slightly glandular-erose; coralla tube included or somewhat exserted from calyx, lobes rounded; style included in calyx, even in fruit, very short, stigma scarcely larger than style, obscurely lobate, center tending to be depressed, disk lobate, decurrent on style; fruit globose, fleshy, about 3 mm thick, white or pinkish white, crowned by somewhat appressed or connivent calyx lobes, at least when immature not lineate. (Type: Palau, Koror, Ledermann 14084 (probably destroyed)).

Most easily distinguished from M. carolinensis by the visible nervilliforra areolation on young leaves and the more frequently branched racemes.

Known only from the Palau Islands, widely distributed there. Vernacular names "ngalibeab," "detimel," "bleagd."

Caroline Is.: Palau: "Coral Is." Kanehira 2547 (US); S Babeldaob, Airai Munic., along airport road W of Gihmel R., Canfield 379 (US); NE Koror, 1/2 mi. S of Koror-Babeldaob bridge, 4 m, Canfield 569 (US); 5-10 m, "ngalibeab" (sterile), Fosberg 32100 (US, BISH, Fo, NY); north section, 25 m, Hosaka 3324 (US, BISH, Fo, NY); Ngermid, Salsedo 344 (US); Tor Uil I.: between Koror and Malakal, 3 m, "detimel," Fosberg 47604 (US, BISH, Fo); Todai-yama, Kanehira 1869 (US, P); Urukthapel: east end of island, 1 m, Fosberg 32020 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); s.l., Dutton 89 (US, BISH, Fo); south side of SW peninsula 1-2 m, Fosberg 32228 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); Dutton 89 (US, BISH, Fo) ; Peliliu': Tuyama s.n. in 1937; Blackburn 284 (US, BISH); Purple Beach, east coast, coral spit, 2 m, Fosberg 32007 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); Angaur: northwest corner of island, 25 m, Fosberg 25898 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); NW Angaur, S of NW Pond, 10 m, Cbnfield 698 (US); roadside midway between Lakes A & D, 10 m, Canfield 207 (US).

Maesa walkeri Fosberg & Sachet n. sp.

Maesa sp. Fosberg, Checklist Guam PI. 79, 1960.

Frutex vel arbuscula, ramulis castaneis, conspicue albo-lenticellatis, glabris praeter pars juvenibus spadiceo-furfuraceis; folia ovata vel late-ovata plerumque acuta basi rotundata vel subcordata saepe inaequalibus, marginibus leviter dentatis vel subintegris, petiolis gracilis 1-3 cm; racemis axillaribus maxime 9 cm raro ramosis, pedicellis 2-4 mm, post anthesin reflexis, bracteis deltoideis; lobis corollis 5, orbicularibus in sicco venosis; bacca globosa lineata 5-6 mm diametro. (Typus: Rota, Fosberg 31858 (US)).

Shrub or small tree, to at least 3 m tall, branchlets reddish brown, conspicuously white-lenticellate, not or scarcely zigzag, glabrous except youngest growth brown-scurfy; leaves ovate to broadly ovate, varying greatly in size from plant to plant, 5-12 cm long, apex usually bluntly acute, rarely obtusish, base rounded to truncatish or subcordate, frequently the two sides somewhat unequal, margins shallowly dentate to subentire, midrib red, nerves 5-9 on a side, reddish, tending to be somewhat closer together near base, nervilliform areolation clear beneath, somewhat elongate parallel to nerves, petioles slender, 1-3 cm long; racemes up to 9 cm long, usually much less, rarely branched, with pedicels nearly to base, bracts firm, triangular, acute, pale or, rarely, black margined, pedicels becoming reflexed in fruit, 2-4 mm long; calyx lobes broadly ovate, acutish, slightly glandular-erose; corolla white, tube subequal with calyx, lobes orbicular, auriculate, abundantly marked with dark red or brown veins when dry; anthers orbicular, about 0.5 mm across, on short filaments; style about 0.5 mm long, funnel-shaped at apex, stigmatic margin irregularly 5-lobed; fruits globose or subglobose with numerous fine vertical lines or ridges when almost mature or mature, 5-6 mm in diameter, fleshy, translucent white or pink when mature, soft, with little flavor but somewhat refreshing when eaten; seeds dark brown, roughly tetrahedral, angular, about 1 mm long, surface dull, cellular-reticulate .

Probably closest to M. palauensis , but differing in unbranched racemes and conspicuously lined immature fruits. Known only from Rota and Guam in the southern Marianas.

Marianas Is.: Rota: road to Sabana area, 200-400 m. Sachet 1800 (US, BISH); west end of island above Songsong, 200-300 m. Sachet 1778 (US, BISH, POM, M0, L); second terrace from top, 320m, Fosberg 31858 (US, holotype, BISH, Fo, NY, L, isotypes); trail up to Sabana region, 150-250 m, Evans 2134 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L).

Guam: south peak of Mt. Lamlam, 380 m, Fosberg & Evans 46243 (US, BISH, Fo, MO, L); ridge south of Mt. Lamlan, 385 m, Fosberg 35331 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); track from Cetti Bay lookout to top of Mt. Lamlan, 200-405 m, Evans 1721 (US, BISH, Fo, NY, L); Mt. Lamlam, 370 m, Fosberg 46249 (US, BISH, Fo, NY); Moran 4708 (US), Moore 243 (US).

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ASIA MINOR IN THE TIME OF THE SEVEN WISE MEN

Bv Mary Mills Patrick
of The American College for Girls, Constantinople
from the Googlebooks etext of
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ASIA MINOR, was the home of the Seven Wise Men, with some exceptions. There is great disagree ment among ancient authorities as to who all of the Seven Wise Men really were, and only four of them are the same in all the lists given. The four about whom we are sure are Bias of Priene, Pittakos of Mitylene,
Thales of Miletus, and Solon of Athens, and three of these four were from places
on the eastern Mediterranean. (See map of Asia Minor on opposite page.) Even if we take the whole list of the seven as they are sometimes given, four of them were from Asia Minor or the ^•Egean Islands, and only three from Greece proper. Furthermore, Solon of Athens, the most important of those from Greece, appears to have greatly en joyed traveling in the provinces of Asia Minor, for in regard to his journeys in the East we have many stories, both true and false. One familiar story concerns his visit
to Croesus, the richest of the kings of Sardis. After his royal host had shown him all the glory of the court and the treasures of silver and gold. Solon was asked whom he considered the most for tunate man in the world, the expectation, of course, being that the Wise Man would name the great and powerful Croesus as the most fortunate individual who had ever existed. Solon, to the king's surprise, however, named certain obscure people who had done their duty and were loved by their neighbors and afterward died the death of simple but honored citizens.

A TALE DESTROYED, A HISTORICAL CRITICISM

The noble words of Solon had a great effect on Croesus, and were remembered at the tragic moment when Cyrus was just about to burn him to death, and were the means of saving his life.

We all know this story, but, unfortunately, it can not be true, for Solon would have been too old and Crlesus too young for any time of meeting to have been possible ; and so we must yield this delightful tale, with many others, to the destruction of historical criticism.

Another story which connects Solon with the East may be genuine, as far as its chronology is concerned. It is said that the great law giver, hearing his nephew singing one day, asked him who was the author of the song. The youth replied that it was one of Sappho's poems ; and Solon was so much impressed with its beauty that he exclaimed, with admiration. "Let me not die before I have learned it."

PICTURING THE HOME LIFE OF ASIA MINOR 2,5OO YEARS AGO

The centers of interest and activity among the Greeks at the time of the Seven Wise Men were in Asia Minor, and such familiar names as Samos. Chios, Miletus, Mitylene, Smyrna, and many others were connected with the great events that occupied the minds of the people in that era.

All who are familiar with the scenes of the eastern Mediterranean love them and enjoy reproducing the history of their past, reviving the descriptions of the busy life that came and went from one generation to another in those surroundings.

We may study with interest Asia Minor under the Roman occupation, at the time of St. Paul ; or we may go farther back, to the period of the Kings of Pergamns : or we may try to picture the life of the eastern Mediterranean in the even earlier period of the Seven Wise Men, which was from 650-550 B. C. It was a time of unique interest in history, lor much of our present thought-life owes its origin to movements which began in the days of the Wise Men. Can we put ourselves back in that far away time and picture something of the homely, every-day life of the people? Can we find out how they thought and felt? What we wi*h is not the historical facts about that age. nor the translation of the writings that have come down to us from it, but the human living, which was the cause of the history and of the literature.—something which books cannot give us—a comprehension of the throbbing, pulsing life that was strong and vivid enough to make itself felt, even to the present time.

THE CHARM OF ISLAND LIFE IN THE AEGEAN

The outward surroundings we can reproduce, for they are still practically the same. The eastern Mediterranean is one of the gardens of the world. The sea is bluer than other seas ; the tints of the skies are softer, the violet and rose blend more marvelously in the sunsets, the mountains have a sensuous attraction, and the sails on the horizon allure. There is a wonderful charm also in the island life of the ^gean, and that charm must be in many ways the same at the present time as it was in the dis tant age of which we are speaking. Other parts of the world have changed under the transforming power of modern enterprise, but the shores and islands of of the ^igean have thus far largely es caped the influence of modern business life. As yet, no sky-scrapers nor com mercial storehouses, few railroads, auto mobiles, and electric trolleys mar the ef fect with their harsh lines and shrill sounds. The calm and peace of country scenes have remained, and in their natural fea tures we may still find the surroundings of the old life, for the environment of the new scenes gives us the probable set ting of the old. The shipping also has not wholly lost its ancient form. It is true that the picturesque warships, with their banks of oars each side, have disappeared : but the craft which lazily sail from one port to another today may well remind us of the descriptions of the old merchant vessels.

ALWAYS THE SEA FOR REFUGE

A great wave of colonization had passed over that part of the world just before the time of the Wise Men, and the colonies, after the struggle for ex istence of the early years in new sur roundings, had emerged into a larger life: In finding larger life the sea always helped them ; for, in political strife within and the need of protection from without, there was always the sea for refuge. People who can sail away from trouble at home always find resources, and the sea was the source of many treasures. The growth of the colonies was rapid, for other reasons. l low could it be otherwise in such beautiful and fruitful surroundings! As Herodotus says, "The lonians built their cities under the finest sky and in the finest climate in the world, for neither the regions above nor below nor the parts to the East or West are at all equal to Ionia."

IONIA THE CENTER OF THE WORLD'S COMMERCIAL LIFE

People of the twentieth century look to England and the United States- as among the countries where the comforts of liv ing and opportunities of learning how to do things are very great, but men went to Ionia, in Asia Minor, for these ad vantages in the age of the Wise Men. To be up to date at that time one had to live in Ionia, where life was luxurious. There, things were produced richly with little effort ; grapes were abundant and the wine the best in the world, and ships laden with olives and wine and oil sailed to all ports of the Mediterranean—Egypt and Phoenicia, Italy and Northern Africa, and even as far west as Spain—bringii2g back the luxuries of other lands. Long before Athens joined the circle of commercial cities, the riches of the entire eastern world were represented in Ionia. The market-place in both large and small towns was the central point and constituted a kind of bourse—in fact, was the Wall Street of the town—where the excitement of trade ran so high that a market-master was necessary to con trol it.

THE FIRST COINS

The question naturally arises : "How was business carried on, by barter or by some primitive kind of banking system?'' Our chief testimony on this point is furnished by the coins of the period, for coinage originated in Asia Minor, and as early as the time of the Wise Men coins were in common use. There are very few specimens of that age now in ex istence, yet some are preserved in the British Museum and in other collections. The first coins were made of electrum, which is a mixture of gold and silver and which was found in natural form in the mountains of Lydia. There were no in scriptions on them, but emblems of re ligious worship and also of trade. The connection of the coins with religion may have been because everything in that time was associated with religion. Possibly the priests in the temples were the first to invent coins. On the other hand, the association may simply indicate that the two things about which the people cared most were religion and trade. Of this type the coin of Cyzicus, on the Marmora, is well known. It bears the figure of a tunny fish decorated with a sacrificial fillet. The great trade of Cyzicus at that time was in tunnv fish, which belongs to the mackerel family and is found in the Sea of Marmora. The fillet expressed the religious ac knowledgment. The coins were very primitive in ap pearance and irregular in shape, some round and some oblong, and all of them much thicker than coins of a later day.

HOW THE CULTURE OF A PAST AGE IS STUDIED

The age of the Wise Men was an age of a certain type of culture. There are two conditions necessary for culture : one is freedom, and the other is a fair degree of material comfort. As Homer says in the Odyssey :

The heaven-taught poet and the enchanting strain,
These arc the products of a peaceful reign.

For some of the successful people of Ionia, pleasure consisted in the possession of objects of oriental luxury, in pomp and in the lazy idleness to which the Eastern climate always tempts us ; but for those who cared to attain to higher things, the opportunity came in the spirit being free from sordid care and from the pressure of daily need, with leisure to think. The culture of the age depended, how ever, not only upon economic causes, but also to a large degree upon the inspira tion given by intercourse with other na tions, bringing about exchange of ideas and increased knowledge. The age of the Wise Men was beforethe time of Greek history, and there are few records from which to reproduce it. In trying to describe the culture of an age wholly different from anything which we have ever known, the chief authority is from internal evidence of writings of the time, largely poetry, which now exist for the most part in fragments, quoted by later writers, and also from pictures or vases belonging to that period.

The pictorial representations on the vases of the stories of the gods reproduce the ordinarv customs of daily life in re gard to religious worship, dress, use of chariots and horses, weapons of war, varieties of musical instruments, habits of sitting and standing, wedding and funeral ceremonies, and many other things. Are we justified in calling the period a cultured one? It seems to me that we are justified in attributing culture to people who could produce and enjoy the best lyric poetry which the world has ever known, and who could originate lines of thinking that have had a permanent significance in the development of the intellectual life of later times. Emerson says that the flower of civili zation is the finished man. the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment and social power, and of such there were many in that age. We find in the late seventh and sixth centuries B. C. the beginning of modern systematic knowledge, and a careful study of the thought of the time will give us an insight into the origin of modern science and philosophy, for our present use of language and our ideas of the world are permeated with the results of that ancient thinking. Kven the emancipation from traditions and the desire for independent individual thought, which characterize modern ideals, find their counterparts in the age of the Wise Men.

ANCIENT CULTURE WAS ADDRESSED TO THE EARS

The culture that arose in Ionia was very different in its form, however, from any development of later times, and most difficult for us to understand. It was, first of all, addressed to the ears and not to the eyes. We are now essen tially an eye-minded people, and measure our learning by the books that we read and write and collect in libraries and by oiher things that we can see with our eyes, but the sixth century B. C. was an age without any free distribution of writ ten records and only the beginnings of libraries, which were mostly collections of wooden tablets. Some of the great men of the latter part of the period each wrote a book, but it was a laborious process. I Icraclitus of Ephesus was one of those who wrote a book which was kept for safety in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus ; for a book was not a thing to be lightly regarded, and the process of writing was so difficult that it was far easier to remember what one had written than to decipher it from the book. Solon and I'ittakos wrote their laws on wooden tablets. However, they did not write them for general circulation among their friends, but rather to preserve the laws that they had promulgated.

LABORIOUS TO WRITE: WRITING DlFFlCULT TO READ

Greek writing at the time of the Wise Men was not easy to read, for neither the words nor the sentences were divided from each other, and the lines ran both from right to left and from left to right. The length of time which archeologists. even when they are good Greek scholars, give to puzzling out inscriptions which belong to that period would not lead us to suppose that any writing of the time would form easy reading for an evening by the fireside or an afternoon siesta. During the period of the Wise Men, however, writing was becoming more common, as it was in that age that we had the beginning of Greek prose; and while it is easy to conceive of poetry be ing communicated from one generation to another by constant repetition, it would not be the same with prose, at least in the case of prose that followed any consecu tive train of thought. There were certain forms of prose, however, in the age of the Wise Men that could be easily remembered, such as the so-called gnomic sayings, which were mostly proverbs, and also fables. /Esop and his fables belong to that era, although -,-Esop himself, who is one of our most precious literary heroes, is, I regret to say, tottering somewhat under the attacks of historical criticism.

HOW GREEK POETRY WAS PRESERVED

Culture was certainly not measured by book-learning, but every educated man or woman had to be ready with his lyre, when called upon after dinner, to accom pany an improvisation, which might be good or bad, according to his ability. If he could not improvise, he repeated some of the wonderful poetry which was the inheritance of the age, for the highest expression of the culture of the time was in its poetry. The older epic poetry and the lyric poetry of the era of the Wise Men would furnish the means of culture to any age. There was a freshness in the thought and delicacy in the use of words in the Greek lyrics different from anything found in later literature, and it is in the poetry that we find the real soul of the age. Many fragments of it have been preserved, not by any special effort at the time, but be cause it was a part of the life of the people and must live. Greek lyrics were the result of many generations of poetical and musical ex pression, and they show the real creative work of the era and furnish us with the most subtle refinement of word pictures that the world has ever known. Musical and poetical contests were common, in which the music and poetry were given together and depended on each other for the complete effect desired, and it is difficult to know which was the more important, the music or the poetry. We are familiar in classic study with the names of many of the great lyric poets of that period, but they themselves were as frequently called musicians as poets. For instance, the poet Alkalos had the reputation of being one of the great est musicians who had ever lived. A profound moral and physical influ ence was attributed to music. Good music was considered to have the power to reform the character and to heal dis ease, and to interpret poetry and make it intelligible to the inner nature. The art of music was, therefore, one of the finest things in the education of that time. It was much simpler than the music of mod ern times and was entirely subordinate to the words sung or repeated. The charm of the music of this age seems to have been partly in the extreme precision of rhythmic treatment and in a protracted dwelling of the voice on one syllable. When the words which the music accompanied were improvised, the improvising took place under definite rules, and the learning of these rules formed the most important part of the education of a poet. To the reciting and the music there was also added a rhythmic motion of the body, so that the entire personality of the per former was absorbed in the attempt to express the thought of the poem. The music was constant though subordinate, and the whole performance produced effects of which the most melodious of modern poets could never dream.

MANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

There were many kinds of musical in struments, but the cithara and the lyre were the ones commonly used in accom panying poetry, while the flute was played by both men and women, in furnishing martial music to the soldiers in time of war. Musical bands marched to war with the soldiers and played on flutes, pipes, and harps. For private use, the lyre and the harp were preferred, for it was thought that they did not prevent one from remaining master of himself—a free and thinking man or woman—while the flute, pipe, or clarinet put the man beside himself and obscured reason. There is a story of a harpist which might belong to any age. He started a school in which to teach harp-playing. He had in his school nine statues of the nine muses and one of Apollo, but only two pupils. When some one asked him, however, how many pupils he had, he said: "Gods and all, twelve!" There were extensive choirs, whose music was distinctly connected with the religious life of the people. These choirs were composed of both men and women and were employed for public and private religious festivals—to celebrate, perhaps, a victory, a death, a holy day, a birth, or a marriage. . We are told that Alkman, who lived as early as 650 B. C.. wrote a choir song for girls which was a dramatic part song.

RHAPSODISTS PRECEDED DRAMATISTS AND ACTORS

There was, however, no drama strictly speaking ; the place which the drama sub sequently occupied was filled by the rhap- sodists. A rhapsodist was one who sang .professionally or intoned to music the poems of his age and of earlier ages. For this purpose some part of the so- called Homeric poems was usually se lected, an introduction and some closing words added, and it was presented to companies of people in private houses. A professional rhapsodist would nat urally choose the most popular parts of Homer; but if he were a man of some thought power, he might present his own compositions, although that would hap pen more rarely. Whenever a banquet was given, the best rhapsodist to be procured was en gaged, one who could recite not only Homeric poems, but those of Hesiod and Archilochus, not neglecting the lyric com posers of his own time. In this way the best of the world's poetry became a part of the familiar thinking of the common people, and it was surely a much easier and pleasanter way of learning than through studying from books. There were so many rhapsodists in the latter part of the period that they were organized into guilds and schools.

PREPARATIONS FOR A BANQUET

The room in the house which was used for entertaining was usually rather large, with an earthen floor, which was care fully swept before a feast was given. Before the guests arrived, the hosts and hostesses washed their hands and the goblets were all rinsed. In the center of the room stood an altar, which was cov ered with wreaths of flowers. The large wine bowl was filled to the brim. The guests arrived wearing crowns of flowers, and the wine-cup, with wine and water, usually mixed half and half, was passed around, but not before libations were poured upon the ground for the gods. There was very free use of many kinds of ointments and perfumes, some of which were very costly, made from all kinds of flowers. As a poet of the age writes :

From the slender vase A willing youth presents to each in turn A sweet and costly perfume.

Honey and cheese were given the place of honor among the refreshments. The house resounded with music and song. Now the rhapsodist enters, wearing his white robe and golden crown. There is a man or woman with him who also wears a crown and who sings or plays a low accompaniment to the poetry which the rhapsodist recites. He begins, perhaps, with selections from Homer, whose poems always had first place in the literary life of the day, and then follow some of the lyric poems of Terpander and Archilochos, Sappho, and others. He naturally selects the poet that belongs to the place where the feast is given. In Lesbos one would sing of Terpan der, Alkaios, or Sappho, and in Paros of Archilochos, and in Smyrna or Chios of Homer.

WOMEN SHARED IN MANY CIVIC ACTIVITIES

Social life in Ionia and the islands was the life of men and women together, for women were free in that age to share in all the activities, even in public athletic exercises in the gymnasium of the town, as we read of their doing in the Island of Chios. There were, to be sure, no suffragettes, for formal voting by citizens of any class was a thing of later times, but the life of all was free and open and natural, and the standards of morality were much higher than in subsequent periods of Greek history. It is to the corruption of later times that we owe the calumnies that injured the fame of Sappho, for the free life of the era of the Seven Wise Men was not appreciated by succeeding ages.

Celebrations, whether public or private, to be sufficiently distinguished, demanded something new—a new poem, new music, new dance motions. Thus arose the professional schools of the time, where girls and women were taught to write poetry and music. The best known of these was the School of Sappho at Mitylene, although there were many others—two others even in Mitylene. Sappho's school was in a house in the city, and young women came from all that part of the world to attend it. We know the name of one girl who came from Greece itself to join this school. They were taught the rules of poetry, and to compose music and poetry, for the life of the people called for new music and new poetry almost every day. There was a great demand also for new hymns to the gods, as each town wished to surpass the others in its festivals, and each great victory in war or celebration of some local event depended for success on the poetry and music of the occasion. In time of peace, wedding songs were constantly needed, as every bridegroom then, doubtless, as at the present time, considered his own bride the most beautiful of all living women, and desired to provide the newest and the best poetry for the nuptial ceremonv. Thus it came about that the wedding songs written by Sappho were among the most beautiful of her poems. These early schools for music and poetry, which provided for the artistic needs of the people, seem to have existed before any school of philosophy was known.

THE FIRST SCHOOL Of PHILOSOPHY

The first school of philosophy was established in Miletus by Thales, one of the Wise Men, and was quite a remarkable institution, exerting an influence for more than a century. Thales seems to have given himself more entirely to this school than to any of his other undertakings. There is a legend that he never married, and when his mother pressed him to do so he said: "It is not yet time." After his youth was passed she again virged him to marry and he said : "It is no longer time."

Many of the subjects taught in his school, such as astronomy, geometry, and geography, show the influence of Egypt and PhcEnicia ; but the philosophy was probably an original product, for while some of the sciences- were somewhat advanced, the philosophy was apparently a first attempt at an explanation of the origin of the world. It originated a movement which culminated more than a century later in the idealism of Plato. We may perhaps understand something of the attitude of the common people toward Thales' School of Philosophy from the story of the old woman who laughed when the master fell backward into a ditch after gazing too long at the stars. The old woman not only laughed, but she is said to have called after him: "If you cannot see what is under your feet, how can you understand what is in heaven ?"

GEOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY WERE THEN PRIMITIVE STUDIES

The geography and astronomy taught in this school were very primitive: The earth was flat : the sun circled around it horizontally, being concealed at night by high hills. One writer of the time de scribes the world in the following poeti cal way : "God makes a mantle, large and fair, and embroiders on it earth and ocean and ocean's dwellings." It is probable that the schools of the eastern Mediterranean possessed an an cient form of charter which consecrated them to the purpose of learning and pre vented interference in their activities by the city. In their charter, some god was selected for the patron deity, and his statue would be the first thing seen on entering the school building or the grounds. Sacrifices were offered to this particular deity, and processions and banquets were made in his honor and holidays were given on his feast days. Frequently some of the god desses or muses were selected, for one of the poets says: "Loud crying is not fitting in a house dedicated to the muses." This form of charter was called a *thiasos*. and is fully described in later times in connection with the schools of Athens.

At Ephestis the Phoenicians introduced the religious cult of their moon goddess, protect ress of trade. The temple was defended by armed virgins, and when the Greeks under Androclus met the fierce resistance of these women warriors the world gained the legend of the Amazons. The supremacy of the heathen goddess was unchallenged until Paul preached the gospel which caused Demetrius, the idol- maker, to fear that his profession would be harmed by such doctrines.

lieving that the custom of the thiasos ex isted in such an early age is the subtlety and force with which religious thought penetrated all the life of the period. There seems to have been a shrine at almost every turn of the mountain path and a religious ceremony for every act of daily life. There were spirits in every wood and stream and spring. The people thought of their religion in connection with every event and. al ways consulted the oracle whenever they undertook anything new. The oracle that they honored most was far away ?:-at Delphi, in Greece, and before going to war. or building a town, or forming Jin alliance, a messenger was sent there to ask advice of the oracle. Delphi held the imagination as the place where the gods spoke to men, in spiring the priestesses with divine words. Yet I fancy that when feeling ran high the people did not always wait to send a messenger to Delphi, which would be a matter of several weeks at least. Prob ably they often acted without the au thority of the oracle and then secured it afterward. People visited Delphi, however, from all parts of the Grecian world to get ad vice, and the place became not only a kind of inspiration bureau, but also a bureau of information, for the priestesses saw and talked with people from many places and became very wise in the politi cal affairs of their time and often were able to give extremely good advice. Their influence was felt all through the Greek colonies, and one of them, Themistoclea, is said to have been the teacher of Pythagoras.

THE DELPHIC ORACLE AS A GREAT DEPOSITORY OF WEALTH

The oracle did not, however, send advice free of payment. Rich presents were expected in return, and Delphi became a kind of national banking-house for the cities of Ionia, with different treasuries to contain offerings from the different places. Gifts of every form and degree of value were sent there—iron spits on which to roast oxen used in the sacrifices : bowls of gold and silver, and all kinds of the choicest treasures of the richest cities. When the sayings of the oracle failed to prove true, however, complaints were sometimes made, and the priestess would be obliged to justify herself. So it was usually found wiser to be rather non committal and to give commands that could be carried out in more than one way; to send an inscrutable answer that sounded deep and wise and would allow those who sent to consult the oracle the privilege of doing their own way. Yet the power of the oracle was almost unlimited and controlled even the rights of kings in the most distant parts of the Grecian world. There was, however, another side to the religious life of that time more difficult to understand. During the sixth century B. C. there arose a great wave of religious emotions, affecting every oracle and popular temple and influencing even some of the philosophical teaching. It seemed to appear first as an outburst of personal miracle-working in connection with the worship of Dionysus and was especially strong in Asia Minor. It taught the purging of sin by sacrifice, the immortality and divinity of the soul, eternal reward to the pure, beyond the grave, and retribution to the impure, the pure being those initiated into these teachings. This was the religion of the common people and was closely connected with the Orphic mysteries which were practiced in secret, took the form of secret societies, and therefore are almost impossible to investigate.

THE BELIEF IN INCARNATION

Certain of these cults believed in the incarnation and suffering of Dionysus Zagreus. Zagreus was a god who was born again as a man, yet was a god, was received into heaven, and became the highest and. in a sense, the only god. An individual who worshiped Dionysus Zagreus could himself develop his potential divinity. Dionysus was explained in the Orphic mysteries as the god within the spirit of worship, as inexplicable joy, as the personification of the spirit of ecstacy, and the impulse above reason that lifts man out of himself and gives him power and blessedness. These mysteries were in part dependent upon the singing and playing of sacred music. In the time of the Wise Men many of the old temples were rising on the coast of Asia Minor.

The Temple of Diana of Ephesns. one column of which is now in the British Museum, was begun.

There is also to be seen in the British Museum a lion of colossal size from Miletus, carved in marble, on which the name of Thales, the Wise Man, is in scribed. Sculpture had been for some time an acknowledged art and figures were made of gold and silver as well as of marble. Iron also was sometimes used for orna ments, as soldering in iron was discov ered in that age by a man in Chios. The pottery was perhaps the most artistic product of the time, and the earliest known vase bearing a Greek in scription, now in the British Museum, was from one of the .-Egean Islands. It is ascribed to the early part of the period of the Wise Men.

THE HALLS OF FAME AND HOSPITALITY

The social life was first of all religious, as the worship of the gods and goddesses involved many public and private cere monies, but there was also public politi cal life in various forms. In every hrge city there was a prytaneum, where national heroes were hon ored and where public feasts were given. Among the cupbearers who served the wine were sons of most noble families. One of Sappho's brothers was a cup bearer in the prytaneum in Mitylene. The prytaneum was the state hearth, where the sacred fire was ever burning, and there was the center of the life of the whole city and of the colonies sent out from that city. Of the details of the lives of the Wise Men we know very little, and the stories told about them are probably mythical. Bias of Priene is sometimes placed at their head, but Thales and Solon are the best known. Fittakos was a wise re former and king in Mitylene, and there is one figure of his head in existence which is found in the Bibl'wtheque Na- tionalc, in Paris, on a coin of later date from Mitylene. The life of each one of them was doubtless thrilling with interest, but the utmost that we can do to revive their ac tivities is to associate the few events that are known with the places which were the theater of their actions and which are also a part of our own surroundings.

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Head of Mary, by da Vinci

THE ART OF FLORENCE*

from the Internet Archive etext of
VISION AND DESIGN
by Roger Fry

* Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition of Florentine Paintings, 1919.

THE " artistic temperament " — as used in the press and the police court, these words betray a general misunderstanding of the nature of art, and of the artist whenever he becomes fully conscious of its purpose. The idea of the artist as the plaything of whim and caprice, a hypersensitive and incoherent emotionalist, is, no doubt, true of a certain class of men, many of whom practise the arts ; nothing could be further from a true account of those artists whose work has had the deepest influence on the tradition of art ; nothing could be less true of the great artists of the Florentine School,

From the rise of modern art in the thirteenth century till now Florence and France have been the decisive factors in the art of Europe. Without them our art might have reflected innumerable pathetic or dramatic moods, it might have illustrated various curious or moving situations, it would not have attained to the conception of generalised truth of form.

To Florence of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and to France of the seventeenth and succeeding centuries we owe the creation of generalised or what, for want of a better word, we may call " intellectual "art.

In speaking of intellect it is necessary to discriminate between two distinct modes of its operation. The intellect may seek to satisfy curiosity by observation of the distinctions between one object and another by means of analysis ; but it may concern itself with the discovery of fundamental relations between these objects, by the construction of a synthetic system which satisfies the mind, both for its truth to facts and its logical coherence. The artist may employ both these modes. His curiosity about the phenomena of nature may lead him to accurate observation and recognition of the variety and distinctness of characters, but he also seeks to construe these distinct forms into such a coherent whole as will satisfy the aesthetic desire for unity. Perhaps the processes employed by the artist may not be identical with the intellectual processes of science, but it is evident that they present a very close analogy to them.

It is a curious fact that at the beginning of the fifteenth century in Italy, art was deeply affected by both kinds of intellectual activity. Curiosity about natural forms in all their variety and complexity — naturalism in the modern sense — first manifested itself in European art in Flanders, France, and North Italy about the second decade of the fifteenth century. It appears that Italy actually led the way in this movement, and that Lombardy was the point of origin. Pisanello and Jacopo Bellini are the great exemplars in Italy of this idea of exploring indefatigably and somewhat recklessly all those detailed aspects of nature which their predecessors, occupied in the grand Giottesque style, had scorned to notice.

In Florence, too, this impulse was undoubtedly felt, but it is the great distinction of the Florentine artists that, however much their curiosity about particular forms may have been excited, their high intellectual passion for abstract ideas impelled them more to the study of some general principles underlying all appearance. They refused to admit the given facts of nature except in so far as they could become amenable to the generalising power of their art. Facts had to be digested into form before they were allowed into the system.

We can get an idea of what Florence of the fifteenth century meant for the subsequent tradition of European art if we consider that if it had not been for Florence the art of Italy might have been not altogether unlike the art of Flanders and the Rhine — a little more rhythmical, a little more gracious, perhaps, but fundamentally hardly more significant.

Although this typically Florentine attitude defined itself most clearly under the stress of naturalism it was, of course, already characteristic of earlier Florentine art. Giotto, indeed, had left tEe tradition of formal completeness so firmly fixed in Florence that whatever new material had to be introduced it could only be introduced into a clearly recognised system of design.

Of Giotto's own work we rarely get a sight in England, the National Gallery having missed the one great chance of getting him represented some twenty years ago. But though Lady Jekyll's single figure of Christ can by its nature give no idea of his amazing and almost unequalled power of discovering unexpected inevitabilities of formal relations, it gives none the less something of Giotto's peculiar beauty of drawing, wherein the completest reality is attained without any attempted verisimilitude. In Mr. Harris's Bernardo Daddi we get nearer perhaps to Giotto as a composer, and even in his Giovanni da Milano, in spite of some Lombard grossness and sentimentality, the great tradition still lives.

Masaccio, represented here by Mr. Rickett's single figure, is one of the most mysterious personalities in art, and typically Florentine. His mystery lies partly in our ignorance about him, partly in the difficulty of grasping the rapidity of action, the precocity, of genius such as his. Coming at the very beginning of the naturalistic movement he seized with a strange complacency and ease upon the new material it offered, but (and this is what astounds one) he instantly discovered how to assimilate it perfectly to the formal requirements of design. So that not only the discovery of the new material, but its digestion was with him a simultaneous and almost instantaneous process. He was helped perhaps by the fact that the new naturalism was as yet only a general perception of new aspects of natural form. It was left for his younger contemporaries to map out the new country methodically — to the group of adventurous spirits — Brunelleschi, Donatello, Castagno, and Uccello — who founded modern science, and gave to the understanding of classic art a methodical basis. It is in this group that the fierce intellectual passion of the Florentine genius manifests itself most clearly. Perspective and anatomy were the two studies which promised to reveal to them the secrets of natural form. The study of anatomy exemplifies mainly the aspect of curiosity, though even in this the desire to find the underlying principles of appearance is evident — on the other hand perspective, to its first discoverers, appeared to promise far more than an aid to verisimilitude, it may have seemed a visual revelation of the structure of space and through that a key to the construction of pictorial space.

To our more penetrating study of aesthetic (for of all sciences, aesthetic has been the greatest laggard) it is evident that neither perspective nor anatomy have any very immediate bearing upon art — both of them are means of ascertaining facts, and the question of art begins where the question of fact ends. But artists have always had to excite themselves . with some kind of subsidiary intoxicant, and perspective and anatomy, while they were still in their infancy, acted admirably as stimulants. That they have by now become, for most artists, the dreariest of sedatives may make it difficult to conceive this.
But at all events in that first generation they excited their devotees to an ardent search for abstract unity of design. And this excitement went on to the next generation as exemplified by the works of the Umbro-Florentines — Piero della Francesca and Signorelli — and in Florence itself of Pollajuolo.

But the scientific spirit once aroused was destined not to remain for long so stimulating and helpful an assistant to the creation of design. It was bound in the end to start trains of thought too complex and too absorbing to occupy a subordinate place. Already in the rank and file of Florentine artists, the Ghirlandajos, Filippino Lippis, and their kindred, mere curiosity — naive literalism — had undermined the tradition, so that towards the last quarter of the century hardly any artist knew how to design intelligibly on the scale of a fresco, whereas the merest duffer of the fourteenth century could be certain of the volumes and quantities of his divisions.

But it is with Leonardo da Vinci that the higher aspects of the scientific spirit first came into conflict with art. Doubtless this conflict is not fundamental nor final, but only an apparent result of human limitations ; but to one who, like Leonardo, first had a Pisgah prospect of that immense territory, to the exploration of which four centuries of the intensest human effort have been devoted without yet getting in sight of its boundaries — to such a man it was almost inevitable that the scientific content of art should assume an undue significance. Up till Leonardo one can say that the process of digesting the new found material into sesthetic form had kept pace with observation, though already in Verrocchio there is a sign of yielding to the crude phenomenon. But with Leonardo himself the organising faculty begins to break down under the stress of new matter.
Leonardo himself shared to the full the Florentine passion for abstraction, but it was inevitable that he should be dazzled and fascinated by the vast prospects that opened before his intellectual gaze. It was inevitable that where such vast masses of new particulars revealed themselves to his curiosity their claim for investigation should be the most insistent. Not but what Leonardo did recognise the necessity for his art of some restriction and choice. His keen observation had revealed to him the whole gamut of atmospheric colour which first became a material for design under Monet and his followers. But having described a picture which would exactly correspond to a French painting of 1870, he rejects the whole of this new material as unsuitable for art. But even his rejection was not really a recognition of the claims of form, but only, alas! of another scientific trend with which his mind had become possessed. It was his almost prophetic vision of the possibilities of psychology which determined more than anything else the lines of his work. In the end almost

everything was subordinated to the idea of a kind of psychological illustration of dramatic themes — an illustration which was not to be arrived at by an instinctive reconstruction from within, but by deliberate analytic observation. Now in so far as the movements of the soul could be interpreted by movements of the body as a whole, the new material might lend itself readily to plastic construction, but the minuter and even more psychologically significant movements of facial expression demanded a treatment which hardly worked for aesthetic unity. It involved a new use of light and shade, which in itself tended to break down the fundamental divisions of design, though later on Caravaggio and Rembrandt managed, not very successfully, to pull it round so as to become the material for the basic rhythm. And in any case the analytic trend of Leonardo's mind became too much accentuated to allow of a successful synthesis. Michelangelo, to some extent, and Raphael still more, did, of course, do much to re-establish a system of design on an enlarged basis which would admit of some of Leonardo's new content, but one might hazard the speculation that European art has hardly yet recovered from the shock which Leonardo's passion for psychological illustration delivered. Certainly literalism and illustration have through all these centuries been pressing dangers to art — dangers which it has been the harder to resist in that they allow of an appeal to that vast public to whom the language of form is meaningless.

In Florentine art, then, one may see at happy moments of equilibrium the supreme advantages of intellectual art and at other and less fortunate moments the dangers which beset so difficult an endeavour. It was after all a Florentine who made the best prophecy of the results of modern aesthetic when he said : " Finally good painting is a music and a melody which intellect only can appreciate and that with difficulty."

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SOCRATES (468-399 B.C.)

From the French of FÉNELON
from Project Gutenberg's
Great Men and Famous Women. Vol. 3 of 8, by Various

Socrates, who, by the consent of all antiquity, has been considered as the most virtuous and enlightened of Pagan philosophers, was a citizen of Athens, and belonged to the town of Alopecé.

He was born in the fourth year of the 77th Olympiad. His father, Sophroniscus, was a sculptor; and his mother, Phanaretè, a midwife.

He first studied philosophy under Anaxagoras, and next under Archelaus, the natural philosopher. But finding that all these vain speculations concerning natural objects served no useful purpose, and had no influence in rendering the philosopher a better man, he devoted himself to the study of ethics; and (as Cicero, in the third book of his Tusculan Questions, observes) may be said to be the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks. In the first book, speaking of him still more particularly and more extensively, he expresses himself thus: "It is my opinion (and it is an opinion in which all are agreed) that Socrates was the first who, calling off the attention of philosophy from the investigation of secrets which nature has concealed (but to which alone all preceding philosophers had attached themselves), engaged her in those things which concern the duties of common life; his object was to investigate the nature of virtue and vice; and to point out the characteristics of good and evil; saying, that the investigation of celestial phenomena was a subject far above the reach of our powers; and that even were they more within the reach of our faculties, it could have no influence in regulating our conduct."

That part of philosophy, then, whose province is the cultivation of morals, and which embraces every age and condition of life, he made his only study. This new mode of philosophizing was the better received on this account, that he who was the founder of it, fulfilling with the most scrupulous care all the duties of a good citizen, whether in peace or in war, enforced by example the precepts which he taught.

Of all the philosophers who have acquired celebrity, he (as Lucian in his dialogue of the Parasite remarks) was the only one that ever subjected himself to the hardships of war. He served two campaigns, in both of which, though unsuccessful, he served in person and exhibited a manly courage. In the one, he saved the life of Xenophon, who when retreating, had fallen from his horse and would have been killed by the enemy, had not Socrates taking him upon his shoulders, removed him from the danger and carried him several furlongs, till his horse, which had run off, was brought back. This fact is related by Strabo.

In his other campaign, the Athenians having been entirely defeated and put to flight, Socrates was the last to retreat, and showed such a stern aspect that the pursuers of those who fled, seeing him every moment ready to turn upon them, never had the boldness to attack him. This testimony is given him by Athenæus.

After these two expeditions, Socrates never set a foot out of Athens. In this, his conduct was very different from that of the other philosophers, who all devoted a part of their life to travelling, that by intercourse with the learned of other countries they might acquire new knowledge. But as that kind of philosophy to which Socrates limited himself led a man to use every effort to know himself rather than to burden his mind with knowledge which has no influence on moral conduct, he thought it his duty to dispense with tedious travelling, in which nothing was to be learned which he might not learn at Athens among his countrymen, for whose reformation, besides, he thought his labors ought to be devoted, rather than to that of strangers. And as moral philosophy is a science which is taught better by example than by precept, he laid it down as a rule to himself, to follow and practise all that right reason and the most rigid virtue could demand.

It was in compliance with this maxim that, when elected one of the senators of the city, and having taken the oath to give his opinion "according to the laws," he peremptorily refused to subscribe to the sentence by which the people, in opposition to the laws, had condemned to death nine officers; and though the people took offence at it, and some of the most powerful even threw out severe menaces against him, he always firmly adhered to his resolution; thinking it inconsistent with the principles of a man of virtue or honor, to act contrary to his oath merely to please the people. Except on this single occasion, we know not whether he ever acted in a civil capacity; but insulated as the occasion was, he acquired such reputation by it at Athens, for probity and the other virtues, that he was more respected there than the magistrates themselves.

He was very careful of his person, and blamed those who paid no attention to themselves, or who affected exterior negligence. He was always neat, dressed in a decent, becoming manner; observing a just medium between what might seem gross and rustic, and what savored of pride and effeminacy.

Though furnished with few of the blessings of fortune, he always maintained perfect disinterestedness by receiving no remuneration from those who attended on his instructions. By such conduct he condemned the practice of the other philosophers, whose custom it was to sell their lessons, and to tax their scholars higher or lower, according to the degree of reputation they had acquired.

Thus Socrates, as Xenophon relates, used to say that he could not conceive how a man, whose object it was to teach virtue, should think of turning it to gain; as if to form a man of virtue, and to make of his pupil a good friend, were not the richest advantages and the most solid profit with which his cares could be rewarded.

It must further be remarked that Socrates kept no class, as did the other philosophers, who had a fixed place where their scholars assembled, and where lectures were delivered to them at stated hours. Socrates' manner of philosophizing consisted simply in conversing with those who chanced to be where he was, without any regard to time or place.

He was always poor; but in his poverty so contented, that though to be rich was within the reach of a wish, by receiving the presents which his friends and scholars often urged him to accept, he always returned them; to the great displeasure of his wife, who had no relish for carrying philosophy to such a height. In regard to food and clothes, so hardy was his manner of life that Antiphon, the Sophist, sometimes reproached him, by saying that he had not a slave so miserable as would be contented with it: "For," said he, "your food is disgustingly mean; besides, not only are you always very poorly dressed, but winter or summer you have the same robe; and never anything above it: with this, you on all occasions, go barefoot."

But Socrates proved to him that he was greatly mistaken if he thought that happiness depended on wealth or finery; and that, poor as he might seem to him, he was in fact happier than he. "I consider," said he, "that as to want nothing is the exclusive prerogative of the gods, so the fewer wants a man has, the nearer he approaches to the condition of the gods."

It was impossible that virtue so pure as that of Socrates should have no effect in exciting admiration, especially in a city such as Athens, where that example must have appeared very extraordinary. For those very persons who have not the happiness to follow virtue themselves, cannot refrain from doing justice to those who do follow it. This soon gained Socrates the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens, and attracted to him many scholars of every age; by whom the advantages of listening to his instructions, and engaging in conversation with him, were preferred to the most fascinating pleasure and the most agreeable amusements.

What rendered the manner of Socrates peculiarly engaging was, that though in his own practice he maintained the most rigid severity, yet to others he was in the highest degree gentle and complaisant. The first principle with which he wished to inspire his youthful auditors was piety and reverence for the gods; he then allured them as much as possible to observe temperance, and to avoid voluptuousness;

representing to them how the latter deprives a man of liberty, the richest treasure of which he is possessed.

His manner of treating the science of morals was the more insinuating, as he always conducted his subject in the way of conversation and without any apparent method. For without proposing any point for discussion, he kept by that which chance first presented. Like one who himself wished information, he first put a question, and then, profiting by the concessions of his respondent, brought him to a proposition subversive of that which in the beginning of the debate had been considered as a first principle. He spent one part of the day in conferences of this kind, on _morals_. To these everyone was welcome, and according to the testimony of Xenophon, none departed from them without becoming _a better man_.

Though Socrates has left us nothing in writing, yet by what we find in the works of Plato and Xenophon, it is easy to judge both of the principles of his ethical knowledge and of the manner in which he communicated them. The uniformity observable (especially in his manner of disputing), as transmitted by these two scholars of Socrates, is a certain proof of the method which he followed.

It will be difficult to conceive how a person who exhorted all men to honor the gods, and who preached, so to speak, to the young to avoid and abandon every vice, should himself be condemned to death for impiety against the gods received at Athens, and as a corrupter of youth. This infamously unjust proceeding took place in a time of disorder and under the seditious government of the thirty tyrants. The occasion of it was as follows:

Critias, the most powerful of these thirty tyrants, had formerly, as well as Alcibiades, been a disciple of Socrates. But both of them being weary of a philosophy the maxims of which would not yield to their ambition and intemperance, they, at length, totally abandoned it. Critias, though formerly a scholar of Socrates, became his most inveterate enemy. This we are to trace to that firmness with which Socrates reproached him for a certain shameful vice; and to those means by which he endeavored to thwart his indulging in it. Hence it was that Critias, having become one of the thirty tyrants, had nothing more at heart than the destruction of Socrates, who, besides, not being able to brook their tyranny, was wont to speak against them with much freedom. For, seeing that they were always putting to death citizens and powerful men, he could not refrain from observing, in a company where he was, that if he to whom the care of cattle was committed, exhibited them every day leaner and fewer in number, it would be very strange if he would not himself confess that he was a bad cow-herd.

Critias and Charicles, two of the most powerful of the thirty tyrants, feeling the weight of the allusion fall upon themselves, first enacted that no one should teach in Athens the art of reasoning. Although Socrates never had professed that art, yet it was easy to discover that he was aimed at; and that it was intended thus to deprive him of the liberty of conversing as usual, on moral subjects, with those who resorted to him.

That he might have a precise explanation of this law, he went to the two authors of it; but as he embarrassed them by the subtlety of his questions, they plainly told him that they prohibited him from entering into conversation with young people.

But, seeing Socrates' reputation was so great that to attack him and serve him with an indictment would have drawn upon them public odium, it was thought necessary to begin by discrediting him in the view of the public. This was attempted by the comedy of Aristophanes entitled "The Clouds," in which Socrates was represented as teaching the art of making that which is just appear unjust.

The comedy having had its effect, by the ridicule which it threw upon Socrates, Melitus brought a capital accusation against him, in which he alleged; first, that he did not honor those as gods, who were acknowledged such at Athens, and that he was introducing new ones; secondly, that he corrupted the youth; that is to say, that he taught them not to respect their parents, or the magistrates. The accuser required that for these two crimes he should be condemned to death.

Enraged as the tyrants were (and especially Critias and Charicles) against Socrates, it is certain that they would have been very reluctant to condemn him, had he availed himself in the least of the favorable circumstances in his case. But the intrepidity and resolution with which he heard the accusation, refusing even to pay any fine, as that would have been to avow himself in some degree culpable; and especially the firmness with which he addressed the judges when called upon to state the punishment which he thought he deserved, enraged them against him. For, with confidence in his integrity, he answered them, "That he thought he deserved to be maintained at the public expense during the rest of his life." This whetted afresh the resentment of the thirty tyrants, who caused him now to be condemned to death.

Lysias, a very eloquent philosopher, had composed an apologetical oration that Socrates might avail himself of it, and pronounce it before the judges, when called to appear before them. Socrates having heard it, acknowledged it to be a very good one, but returned it, saying that it did not suit him. "But why," replied Lysias, "will it not suit you, since you think it a good one?"

"Oh, my friend!" returned Socrates, "may there not be shoes and different articles of dress very good in themselves, and yet not suitable for me?"

The fact is, though the oration was very fine and energetic, yet the manner in which it was conducted, did not suit the uprightness and candor of Socrates.

[Illustration: Death of Socrates.]

Now condemned to death, Socrates was put into prison, where some days after, he died by drinking the poison hemlock. For this was the instrument of death, then used by the Athenians, in the case of those who were condemned for capital crimes.

According to Diogenes Laërtius, Socrates was twice married, but of the two wives he has given him, we know nothing except of the famous Xantippè, by whom he had a son named Tamprocles; Xantippè rendered herself celebrated by her ill-humor, and by the exercise which she afforded to the patience of Socrates. He had married her, he said, from a persuasion that if he were able to bear with her bad temper, there could be nothing which he might not support.

He died in the first year of the 95th Olympiad, aged seventy.

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Chapter 9
of the IA etext of
THE LADIES' BATTLE
by Molly Seawall

THE suffragists have said repeatedly that if a suffragist amendment to the Constitution were adopted , no woman need vote who did not wish to vote. This is equivalent to saying that if a sixteenth amendment, authorizing polygamy were adopted , no one need practice polygamy who did not wish to do so . Nevertheless, it would change the status of every woman in the United States. Opposition to suffrage does not mean that women should not study public affairs, and take an intelligent interest in them . If women would read the proceedings of Congress and inform themselves upon state and national affairs, and especially upon the American form of government, it would broaden their minds immensely, and there would be fewer suffragists. It would also add to their charms, because they could take a sympathetic interest in those public questions in which most men are more or less engaged . It was this ability to meet men on their own ground that gave the women of the French salons their power. Those glorious French women enchanted by their grace, their sweetness, and their exquisite femininity, and they ruled by virtue of their intellect and their profound knowledge of affairs. American women could , by the same means, exercise equal power.

The suffragists are quite correct in asserting that there are certain public questions in which women have a larger stake, and have probably a better knowledge, than men. One of these questions is divorce and remarriage. It is not overstating the fact to say that divorce in the United States has reached the point of a national leprosy. Perhaps the greatest contributing cause has been the extraordinary indulgence shown to women by the divorce laws, which unfortunately make divorce cheap and easy, and force the husband to pay for it . There is always a demand for a uniform divorce law throughout the country, but the difficulties in the way have so far prevented any serious attempt to pass such a federal law .

It has also been conceded for many centuries that women are the chief beneficiaries ofmonogamy, and the chief sufferers by lax marriage and divorce laws. The proposition need only be stated to prove itself that the limiting, if not actual wiping out, of divorce is the greatest question , not only of the family, but of the state, before the women of this country. But it is a striking and vital fact, although claiming to be the party of reform , that so far as the suffragists are concerned , they have avoided in all their public and printed utterances, the slightest allusion to , much less condemnation of, divorce, except recommendations to make it easier. In New York State, the suffragists, under the lead of the late Miss Anthony, strove for years to have habitual drunkenness made a cause of absolute divorce , instead of legal separation . This illustrates in a peculiarmanner, the short-sightedness of most of the legislation proposed by the suffragists. A man , anxious to get rid of his wife, but having no legal cause, could , by the simple process of continually getting drunk, offer a strong inducement to his wife, to get a divorce.

It would be vain for the suffragists to say that divorce cannot be checked, and even abolished . In South Carolina there is not, and never has been , any divorce ; but a husband and wife, in extreme cases,may get all the relief which is necessary by a legal separation . Among the fifteen million Catholics in the United States there are no divorces, and very few legal separations. In all of the Protestant denominations there are found numbers of earhest clergymen who decline to remarry divorced persons. In the Episcopal Church , especially , a band of conscientious and far -seeing men exists which takes the only ground which has so far proved tenable, that no divorced person should remarry, that neither the guilt nor the innocence of the divorced persons can be considered , that a certain percentage of innocent persons must suffer in the operation of the most beneficent laws, and that the only thing to be reckoned is the greatest good to the greatest number.

So far, however , from the suffragists showing any antagonism to divorce , there seems to be a close relation between suffrage and divorce. It would be interesting to figure out the percentage of divorced women among the suffragists. Some of their most prominent leaders are divorced women . To introduce the subject of divorce at a suffragemeeting would be to organize a riot. Like the effect of suffrage on the property privileges of women, the divorce question cannot be publicly debated by the suffragists . In the five suffrage states, all the causes for divorce exist that are recognized in the non suffrage states, and special causes which are peculiar to the suffrage states. For example , witness the fact alluded to before, the six women in Utah were divorced by their husbands for non -support.

In Colorado, divorce may be obtained on the ground of "mental cruelty .” Divorce statistics are very complicated , owing chiefly to three things -- the number of Catholics in a State, the number of negroes , and the number of Mormons. In Texas, for instance, the divorce rate is enormous, but the Census Bureau estimates that seventy -five per cent. of the divorces are granted to negroes. In Colorado, at the time of its admission to the Union, the divorce rate was the highest in the United States. The divorce rate showed a slight falling off from 1890 to 1900, the Catholic population having increased largely in that decade. In the census of 1910 , although the Catholic population of Colorado had increased to 28 per cent. of the whole, the state was third in point of divorce and that, with few negroes orMormons, and many Catholics. Wyoming, a suffrage state, with few negroes or Mormons, is seventh in the order of divorce. Owing to the dominance of the Mormon Church in Idaho, that State is ninth , and Utah is nineteenth in the ratio of divorce , Mormonism decreasing divorce. The five suffrage states show that their abnormal rate of divorces prevails under con - ! ditions which are usually adverse to divorce. It is agreed among sociologists, and is proved by statistics, that divorce in general follows wealth , luxury, a highly artificial mode of life , and complex social conditions. In the suffrage states, however, the general mode of life is simple and the social conditions primitive. These circumstances enhance very much the probable connection between suffrage and divorce. It may be noted that the provisional government in Portugal immediately after commiting itself to woman suffrage, proposed a divorce law , more utterly unrestrained than any in existence. If suffrage gives any encouragement to divorce, that is enough to condemn it in the eyes of all political economists, all sociologists, all publicists, and all who love honor and decorum . į But that woman suffrage tends to divorce, is plain to all who know anything ofmen and women . Political differences in families, between brothers, for example, who vote on differing sides, do not promote harmony. How much more inharmonious must be political differences between a husband and wife , each of whom has a vote which may be used as a weapon against the other ? What is likely to be the state of that 'family, when the husband votes one ticket, and the wife votes another ? Human nature is so imperfect that most men vote for what they believe to be their material interests, and they can readily bring themselves to believe that their moral interests are identical with their material interests. Even when a voter is willing to vote against his temporary advantage, he always expects to profit in the long run. The woman voter will think likewise . It is doubtful if many marriages could withstand the strain of the husband and wife antagonizing each other's supposed interests, prejudices and convictions. The more highly civilized the community , the more these causes of difference would occur. Whoever expects woman suffrage to have a wholesome effect on marriage, will expect grapes from thorns and figs from thistles . And here comes in a question so vast and so far reach ing, that it cannot be measured, and is " deeper than ever plummet sounded.” What will be the effect of suffrage on women themselves ? Will it make them more intelligent, more courageous, more patient, more tender, in short, more feminine, for feminity is the glory of a woman ? Would Jeanne d'Arc have done more for her country, if she had been a voter ? Or would a vote have doubled the strength of Charlotte Corday's slender arm ? Would Isabella of Castile, Maria Theresa and Queen Victoria have been abler sovereigns if they had believed in woman suffrage ? Would Mary, the mother of Washington , have been able to do a better part by her man -child , who said , " All that I am , my mother made me," if she had been a voter ? These women managed, without a vote , to do immortal things. The suffragists cannot hope to surpass them .

I ask pardon for introducing a personal note. My excuse .is that I may help to disprove the fallacy that it is the woman who works who would profit by the ballot. I was but little past my twenty-first birthday when, on the strength of having earned about seven hundred dollars by my pen , I rashly assumed the support,by literature, of my family. The rashness, ignorance , and presumption of this can only be excused by the secluded life I had led in the library of an old Virginia country house, and in a community where conditions more nearly resembled the eighteenth than the nineteenth century . That I succeeded was due to tireless effort, unbroken health , a number of fortunate circumstances, and above all, what I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, the kindness of the good God.

In the course of time, I became, through literature alone, a householder , a property owner, a taxpayer, and the regular employer of five persons. My experience, therefore, has been more varied than that of most wo men, and I know something of the interests both of the woman who works and of the woman property -owner, the taxpayer, and the employer . I can say with positiveness that there never was a momentwhen the possession of a vote would not have been a hindrance and a burden to me.

I had no claim on anyman to help me fight myway to the polls in case of opposition . I should have been called upon to vote directly or indirectly upon naval and military affairs, police, shipping and navigation , railways and mines and many other subjects upon which neither I nor any other woman could cast an intelligent vote. I could not enforce my vote after it was cast. I might have been forced , at great loss and inconvenience, to do jury duty, just as men are forced to do it, at a loss and inconvenience . These considerations, great in any woman 's case , would have been frightfully multiplied in the case of a wife and a mother, to whom would have been added the loss of all property privileges, and the terrible conflict of political and family relations. I never attempted or even wished to do anything in which a vote would have been of the slightest assistance to me. Editors and publishers did not ask whether I was a voter or not, in judging my work , but if it suited them better, took it in preference to the work of a voter. I had the full protection of the law , and a vast number of immunities and exemptions denied to voters, including women who vote. I admit I should particularly object to bedivorced for non -support, like the six ladies in Utah . I cannot, of course, be expected to admit that my earnest objection to a vote comes, as some suffragists allege , from mere lack of brains, " of which ,” as Sir Thomas Browne says, " every one thinketh he hath a sufficiency."

: But none of the disadvantages of the ballot for me which I have mentioned, exist for men . They can fight their way to the polls , and enforce their votes ; the controversies, which are so disastrous and undignified for women , are by no means so among men . In short, men have certain natural qualifications as voters which women have not, and never can acquire, and are perfectly adapted to working the great registering machine called suffrage .

In conclusion , it is my earnest hope and belief that the sound good sense of American women will defend them from suffrage, and protect their property privileges, their right to maintenance from their husbands, and their personal dignity. And if the women of this country will unite upon any true reform , such as the abolition of divorce, I believe their power to be so great that they can carry through measures which thinking men desire , but cannot effect without the assistance of women . I believe that the most important factors in the state are the wives and mothers who make ofmen good citizens to govern and protect the state, and I believe woman suffrage to be an unmixed evil.

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ROMANCE AND TAMALES

from the IA etext of
Los Angeles, City of Dreams
by Harry Carr

THE acrid smoke had left the air fragrant as we filed out of the little Plaza church. In the patio, the priest handed us each a candle — and the procession began.

It was the “ Name Day' of Los Angeles — the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the christening — when they visited upon it the title, “ El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora
La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciúncula .”

When it grew to be a city, they shortened this to “ Los" ; then to “ L. A.”

A lovely señorita with a black lace mantilla over her high Spanish comb slipped her hand through my arm .

“ Mi com padre, " she murmured. “ Comadre, " I smiled back .

We were sponsors at a baptism—a relationship as close as that of brother and sister - a tie never to be broken. I felt that I was getting on.

Ahead of me was a newspaper columnist from Kansas City. Behind me shuffled an old, old man — the last of the great De la Guerra family — scions of conquistadores gringos — tourists. We were supposed to be impressive in a romantic way ; but I am not so sure.
The traffic cop held back an indignant river of vehicles on Main Street until we had passed. I felt a little foolish ; my candle would not stay lighted. I tried to shield it with my straw hat — for it was late afternoon of a hot August day.
Wondering Chinese boys came to the doors of the little shops on the edge of Chinatown to watch us. Peons on the stone benches of the old Plaza looked on with grave politeness and inward ridicule. I knew that, somewhere that night in a Mexican cantina, I should be the hero of a ribald poem sung to the twang of a sarcastic guitar.

Past the old Pico House of romantic memory, the Lugo mansion now sprinkled with scarlet Chinese placards, Nigger Alley of the murders and the Vigilantes , Marchessault Street : Los Angeles of the days of its beginnings.
Some one touched me on the shoulder. I looked around to see an elderly woman in a plain, neat gown. I was to learn later that she was a school teacher from lowa - out on a grand adventure. She had shrewd, intelligent eyes behind her glasses. Obviously she was thrilled ; but also skeptical.
" Excuse me, " she said, holding up her candle and gesturing with it back over the procession that followed. “ Who are all these people, and where are we going ?”
“ This is the Name Day of Los Angeles, and we are baptizing a city all over again . "
“ But I am not a Catholic — all these candles."
" Neither am I. ”
She hesitated. “ It's the wrong day, anyhow . I read on that de Neve monument over there in the Plaza that Los Angeles was founded September 4, 1781 ; this is August.”
I felt that she needed education. So I took her by the arm and led her into El Paseo — the little street that is all Mexican .

El Paseo is the most colorful and characteristic place in Los Angeles — one of the most charming places in the world.
In the middle of the city — where the trucks would really enjoy

running over you and where four half-mile-long lines of traffic hoot and shriek at the miserable wretch who stalls his engine—is this bit of old California, sheltered from modernity like some lovely princess who has slept through the ages . It is older than the California the gringos found. It is California - Latin and unadulterated.

At the entrance of the street stands an old adobe where Commodore Stockton lived after the conquest of Los Angeles by the gringo army.

For many years it was a dirty alley, abandoned to slums and desolation. Then we picked up our traditions. An ancient wine cellar was turned into a café. Another elderly ruin was restored to be a theater for Mexican plays. The one-block long street was closed to traffic and paved with stones. Now, to all intents and purposes, it is the market-place of a Mexican town.

Little booths down the middle of the street, Mexican clay toys, black- paper cigarettes , clay images, candles, pottery, cactus plants. Along both sides of the quaint little street are ramadas, brick ovens and wooden tables where dark- eyed Mexican women pat tortillas. Junito, moulding church candles hanging from a wheel in a cellar ; Ramon who fashions bull- fighters in clay and priests and madonnas , a tiny outdoor store — a shoe shop where Mexicans are making guarachas. At the end of the street, a forge where an iron worker pounds out charming bits of old Mexico in white hot iron .

“ Sí, señor. ¿ Habla usted español? No ? May-bee you like to eat una tostada-ver-ee nice, señor. '

At the front of the little ramada sits an old man with a guitar and a girl who sings and dances on the sidewalk.

La Golondrina Café - an old bodega—tables out on the sidewalk under the balcony. Inside the old wine cellar, a gay crowd of diners with Mexican girls in China Poblana costumes weaving in among the tables with trays—scarlet and yellow with native dishes. Above the hum of the café the strum of a Mexican orchestra. At one side of the low ceilinged room is an open fireplace with the Mexican coat of-arms — the eagle perched on a cactus branch strangling a snake. And a stairway leads up through a low door to the Sala de Fiesta .

It is a gala night and the room is packed to overflowing Hollywood actors, Jewish producers figuring out plans for millions with pencils on the table- cloths, tourists , girls hunt ing for autographs.

The little Iowa school teacher was dazed.

I led her to the special guest table.

" What are we going to do now ?” she asked, suspicious.
“ I am not a Catholic."

" We are going to eat, and you don't have to be a Catholic. ”

“ What does it cost ? I-I am not sure I have ..

" You are the guest of all the dons who grazed their cattle on a thousand hills and died and left us memories."

With some misgivings, she cautiously bit into an enchilada. Muy caliente ! It was hot. This was not stuff for tenderfeet. She opened her mouth-gasping. " Well, if it cost anything, I wouldn't pay for it,” she said indignantly.

Consuela, with a red flower in her black hair, came out to sing " Cielito Lindo " with coquettish eyes on the audience.

" Ay ay ay ay
Ese lunar que tienes
Junto a la boca
No se lo des a nadie
Cielito lindo
Que a mí me toca ."

" What is she singing about?” whispered the school teacher from Dubuque.

“ She is singing a song about a beautiful little heaven .”

The lady from Dubuque gave me a suspicious glance. “ She doesn't look as though she were singing a song about heaven ."

" Well, part of her song about the beautiful little heaven is to warn the young man who is serenading her that he had better be on his way ; that her lover is coming home, and he is a tough guy."

These folk -songs are the lilting story of a people — the satirical , biting humor of the Indian reaching up through Spanish song. Love songs with death by a dagger-thrust never far away.

“ Cuatro Milpas" is the story of a peon who came back from a revolution to find his four corn - fields in havoc and ruin. He fought for the sacred cause of something or other -he was not quite sure what — and somebody ate his corn.

Negra Consentida is a little , dark tomboy who was loved.

“ Rancho Grande,” the ballad of farm life, Tecolote, the little owl who sighed " Coie coie coie” in his love passion songs that came from the heart of a conquered country.

In California we also had songs that were of the heart of a gay and careless country. Some of them have been traced back to the Moorish invasion of Spain — tunes that came with the Spanish soldiers to Mexico — up through the jungles and arid deserts of the West Coast to rest with the soldiers who retired from the army to be barons of the land — just as some of the stories told to California children of the hacendado days were stories that had been whispered to little Moors in the white-walled purdahs of the North African coast — and had come to them from who knows where — Numidian, Carthaginian, Phænician, perhaps. The best songs of the California ranches were largely onomatopoetic songs of the patter of the rain on the tile roofs — the song of the scissors grinder. . . . I tried to explain all this to the school-teacher from Dubuque. But the lady from Dubuque had lost track of me entirely. She had identified the guests at the adjoining tables. She searched in her purse until she found a memorandum book in which she carefully noted down the names of the guests she could see ... Charlie Chaplin, Leo Carrillo, Ramon Novarro, Dolores del Rio, Norma Shearer.

Across the table from us sat a dark-eyed child dressed like a Spanish bride ; she had been the princesita in the procession, riding in an ancient carreta with lumbering wooden wheels that squealed and screeched as the cart bumped along behind a pair of oxen. The lady from Dubuque was curious about her.

" She is the great-great- granddaughter - seven generations removed - of Francisco Ortega."

" I —I'm sorry ,” she said confusedly. " But I never have heard - who was Francisco Ortega ?”

“ Don't apologize, ” I reassured her. “ President Taft came out here to a celebration one time and confessed he had never heard of Father Junípero Serra . "

“ Yes , ” she murmured vaguely. “ What did Mr. Ortega do and that Father What-do-you-call-him ?”

“ Francisco Ortega was the first Western hero , " I told her. " And if there had been no Francisco Ortega there wouldn't be any Los Angeles. "

And so there in the café with the Mexican songs, the tobacco smoke, the dancing and the little waitresses in the China Poblana costumes, I told her the story of a forgotten hero.

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Marcus Garvey And The N. A. A. C. P.

The IA etext of

The Crisis - February 1928

ANY persons are under the impression that the N. A. A. C. P. has been the persistent enemy of Marcus Garvey. This is due to repeated accusations published in the Negro World without the slightest basis of fact. For the sake of the truth, it may be well to recall certain matters of clear record.

The Crisis has published five articles on Marcus Garvey. The first two articles, March 1920 and January 1921 ended with this summary: "To sum up: Garvey is a sincere, hard-working idealist; he is also a stubborn, domineering leader of the mass; he has worthy industrial and commercial schemes but he is an inexperienced business man. His dreams of Negro industry, commerce and the ultimate freedom of Africa are feasible; but his methods are bombastic, wasteful, illogical and ineffective and almost illegal. If he learns by experience, attracts strong and_ capable friends and helpers instead of making needless enemies; if he gives up secrecy and suspicion and substitutes open and frank reports as to his income and expenses, and above all if he is willing to be a co-worker and not a czar, he may yet in time succeed in at least starting some of his schemes toward accomplishment. But unless he does these things and does them quickly he cannot escape failure."

No more prophetic word was ever written about Marcus Garvey! The third and fourth articles dealt with the Black Star Line and the Universal Negro Improvement Association and were based on published documents with little comment. It was not until September, 1922, that *The Crisis* had a sharp word of criticism. This was based on Garvey's threats against his critics, his connection with the Ku Klux Klan and his distribution of pamphlet propaganda against American Negroes. We quoted, among other things, this:

"The white race can best help the Negro by telling him the truth, and not by flattering him into believing that he is as good as any white man." Concerning this we said:
"Not even Tom Dixon or Ben Tillman or the hatefullest enemies of the Negro have ever stooped to a more vicious campaign than Marcus Garvey, sane or insane, is carrying on. He is not attacking white prejudice, he is grovelling before it and applauding it; his only attack is on men of his own race who are striving for freedom; his only contempt. is for Negroes; his only threats are for black blood."

On the other hand Garvey's attacks on the N. A. A. C. P. have been continuous, preposterous and false. He has claimed:

1. That we kept his representative from activity in Paris in 1919.
2. That Moorfield Storey came from Boston to secure his conviction in 1924.
3. That the collapse of the Black Star Line came about "because men were paid to make this trouble by certain organizations calling themselves Negro Advancement Associations. They paid men to dismantle our machinery and otherwise damage it so as to bring about the downfall of the movement",
4. That the N. A. A. C. P. was responsible for his incarceration and deportation.

Every single statement in these and dozens of similar charges are absolutely false and without any basis of fact whatsoever. As *The Crisis* said in May, 1924:

“No Negro in America ever had a fairer and more patient trial than Marcus Garvey. He convicted himself by his own admissions, his swaggering monkey-shines in the court room with monocle and long tailed coat and his insults to the judge and prosecuting attorney.

“Marcus Garvey was long refused bail, not because of his color, but because of the repeated threats and cold blooded assaults charged against his organization. He _ himself openly threatened to ‘get’ the District Attorney. His followers had repeatedly to be warned from intimidating witnesses and one was sent to jail therefor. One of his former trusted officials after being put out of the Garvey organization brought the long concealed cash account of the organization to this office and we published it.

Within two weeks the man was shot in the back in New Orleans and killed. “Everybody, including the writer, who has dared to make the slightest criticism of Garvey has been intimidated by threats and threatened with libel suits. Over fifty court cases have been brought by Garvey in ten years.”

We are reminding our readers of all this not to revive forgotten rancor but for the sake of historical accuracy. When Garvey was sent to Atlanta, no word or action of ours accomplished the result. His release and deportation was a matter of law which no

deed or wish of ours influenced in the
slightest degree. We have today, no
enmity against Marcus Garvey. He
has a great and worthy dream. We
wish him well. He is free; he has a
iollowing; he still has a chance to
carry on his work in his own home
and among his own people and to
accomplish some of his ideals. Let him
do it. We will be the first to ao accomplish
some of his ideals. Let him
do it. We will be the first to applaud
any success that he may have.

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